

The Complete Alice In Wonderland™



Lewis Carroll
Leah Moore
John Reppion
Erica Awano

DYNAMITE.

*"A wonderful re-imagining
of a classic tale."*

- Comic Book Resources

Dynamite Entertainment presents:

The Complete Alice In Wonderland™



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This volume collects issues 1-4 of the Dynamite Entertainment
series, The Complete Alice in Wonderland.

"For Edward." - Moore & Reppion

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Issue #1 cover by
JOHN CASSADAY



Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister.

WILLIAM
THE CONQUEROR,
WHOSE CAUSE WAS
FAVOUR'D BY
THE POPE...

And of listening, as she read aloud from her book.

She was considering whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking them...

... when a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable about that, and the hot day was making her feel rather sleepy and stupid...

... but when she saw the rabbit take a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, and she heard it say to itself...

OH DEAR!
OH DEAR! I
SHALL BE
TOO LATE!

Alice started to her feet, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it.



The rabbit hole went along like a tunnel, and then dipped suddenly down, so Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself.



She found herself falling down what seemed to be a deep well.

Either the well was very deep or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her.



WELL! AFTER SUCH A FALL AS THIS I SHALL THINK NOTHING OF TUMBLING DOWNSTAIRS! HOW BRAVE THEY'LL ALL THINK ME AT HOME!

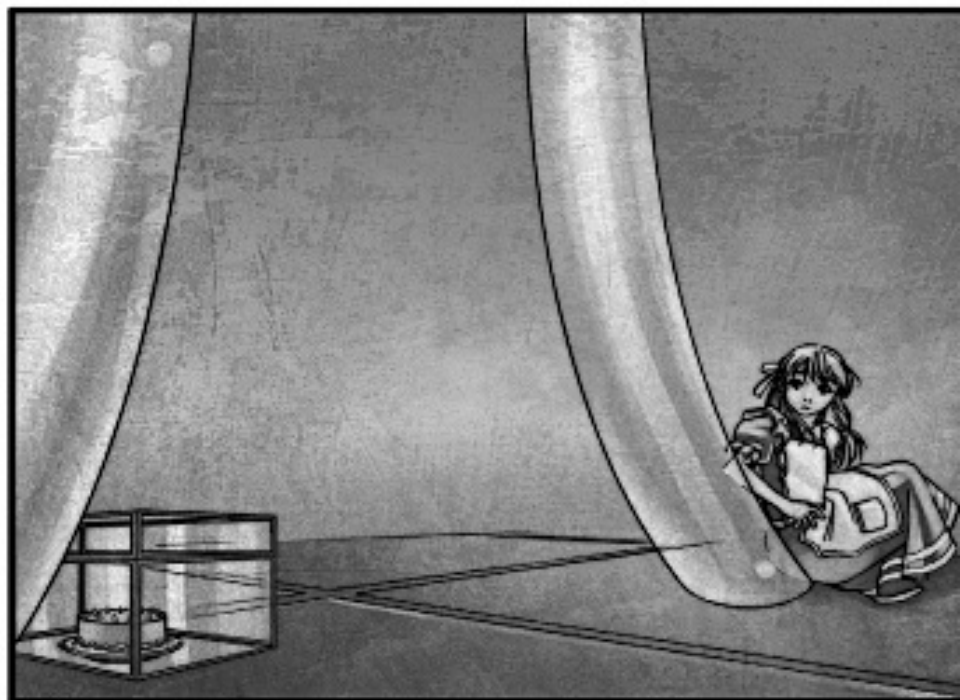
WHY, I SHOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT, EVEN IF I FELL OFF THE TOP OF THE HOUSE!















OH! THE
DUCHESS! THE
DUCHESS!



OH! WON'T
SHE BE SAVAGE IF
I'VE KEPT HER
WAITING!



IF YOU
PLEASE,
SIR...



OH, DO
COME BACK,
MISTER
RABBIT. I
PROMISE I
MEAN NO
HARM!



DEAR, DEAR!
HOW QUEER
EVERYTHING IS TO-DAY!
AND YESTERDAY THINGS
WENT ON JUST AS
USUAL.

I WONDER
IF I'VE BEEN
CHANGED IN
THE NIGHT?



WAS I THE SAME
WHEN I GOT UP THIS
MORNING? I ALMOST
THINK I FELT A LITTLE
DIFFERENT.

WELL,
THEN, WHO IN
THE WORLD
AM I?



I'M SURE
I'M NOT ADA, FOR
HER HAIR GOES IN SUCH
LONG RINGLETS, AND
MINE DOESN'T GO IN
RINGLETS AT ALL.

AND I CAN'T
BE MABEL, FOR I
KNOW ALL SORTS OF
THINGS, AND SHE
KNOWS A VERY
LITTLE!

BESIDES,
SHE'S SHE, AND
I'M I, AND--OH
HOW PUZZLING
IT ALL IS!



I'LL TRY IF I
KNOW ALL THE
THINGS I USED
TO KNOW. LET
ME SEE.

FOUR TIMES
FIVE IS TWELVE, FOUR
TIMES SIX IS THIRTEEN,
AND FOUR TIMES SEVEN
IS--OH DEAR!

LET'S TRY
GEOGRAPHY. LONDON
IS THE CAPITAL OF
PARIS, AND PARIS IS
THE CAPITAL OF ROME,
AND ROME--NO, THAT
IS ALL WRONG!



I MUST BE
MABEL! I'LL TRY
AND SAY "HOW
DOETH THE
LITTLE--"

"HOW DOETH THE
LITTLE CROCODILE/IMPROVE
HIS SHINING TAIL/AND POUR
THE WATERS OF THE NILE/
ON EVERY SHINING
SCALE!"

"HOW
CHEERFULLY HE
SEEMS TO GRIN/HOW
NEATLY SPREADS
HIS CLAWS/AND
WELCOMES LITTLE
FISHES IN/WITH
GENTLY SMILING
JAWS!"



I'M SURE
THOSE ARE NOT
THE RIGHT WORDS,
I MUST BE MABEL
AFTER ALL!

I SHALL HAVE TO
GO AND LIVE IN THAT
POKY LITTLE HOUSE, AND
I SHALL HAVE NEXT TO
NO TOYS TO PLAY WITH,
AND OH! EVER SO MANY
LESSONS TO LEARN!

IF I'M
MABEL I'LL
STAY DOWN
HERE.





I-I MUST
HAVE FALLEN
INTO THE SEA!
NO... WHY IT
IS MY OWN
TEARS!



OH I WISH I
HADN'T CRIED
SO MUCH!



O MOUSE!

O MOUSE,
DO YOU KNOW
THE WAY OUT OF
THIS POOL?



DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?
PERHAPS YOU
ARE A FRENCH
MOUSE?

NOW LET ME
SEE... "OÙ EST
MA CHATTE?"



OH, I BEG
YOUR PARDON! I
QUITE FORGOT
YOU DIDN'T LIKE
CATS.



NOT LIKE
CATS! WOULD YOU
LIKE CATS, IF YOU
WERE ME?



I'M SURE YOU'D TAKE A FANCY TO CATS IF YOU MET DINAH. SHE IS SUCH A DEAR QUIET THING.

SHE IS SUCH A CAPITAL ONE FOR CATCHING MU--



OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON! WE...WE WON'T TALK ON HER ANY MORE IF YOU'D RATHER NOT.



AS IF I WOULD TALK ON SUCH A SUBJECT!

ARE YOU...ARE YOU FOND...OF...OF DOGS?



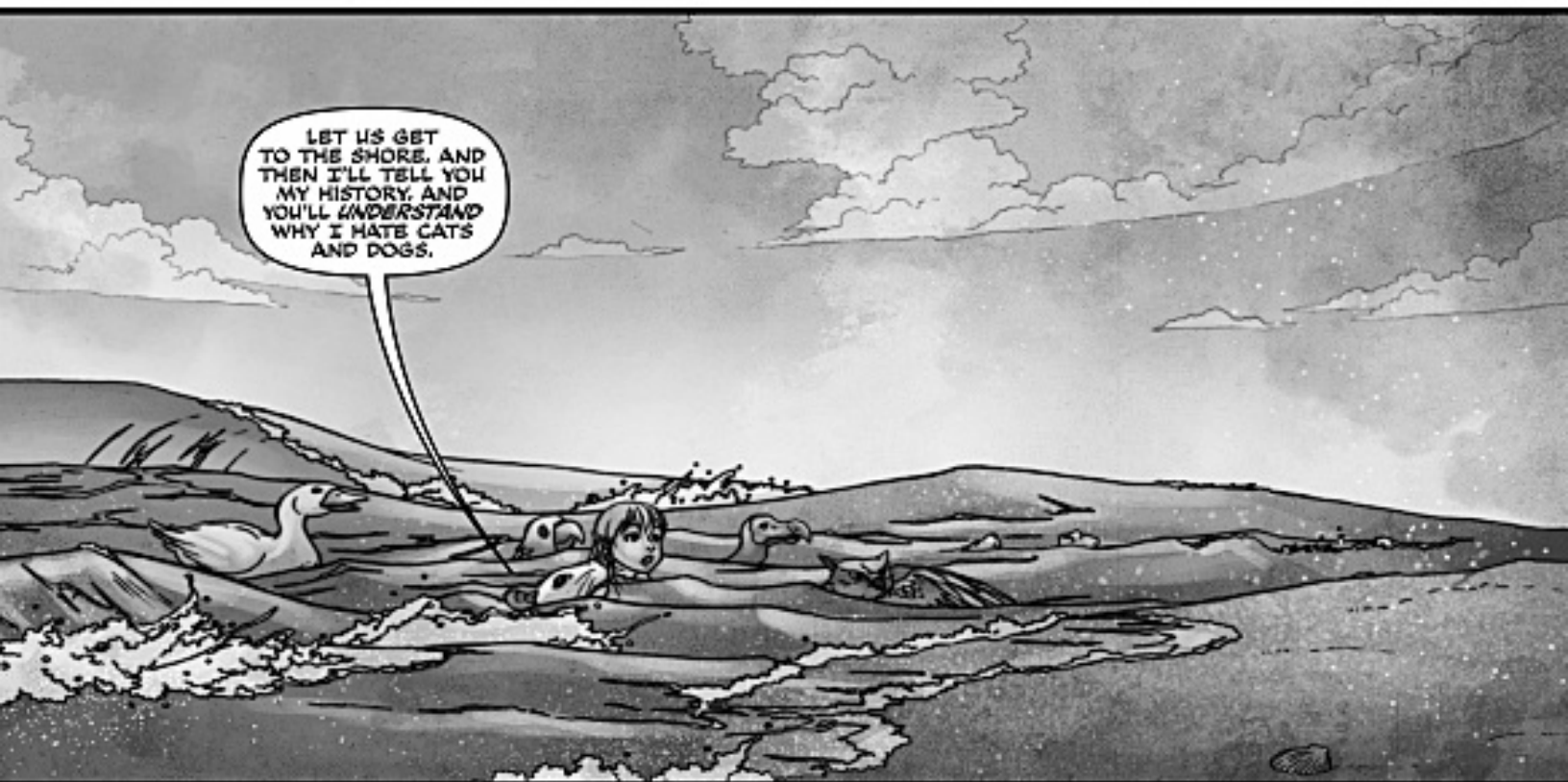
THERE IS SUCH A NICE LITTLE DOG NEAR OUR HOUSE. A LITTLE BRIGHT-EYED TERRIER WITH SUCH LONG CURLY BROWN HAIR.

IT BELONGS TO A FARMER YOU KNOW AND IT KILLS RATS AND MU--

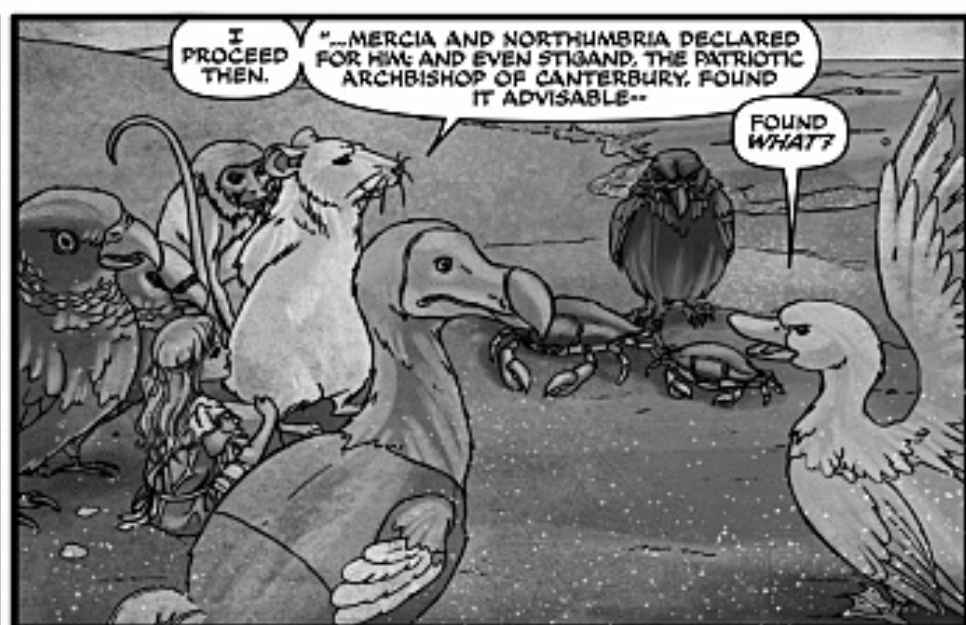
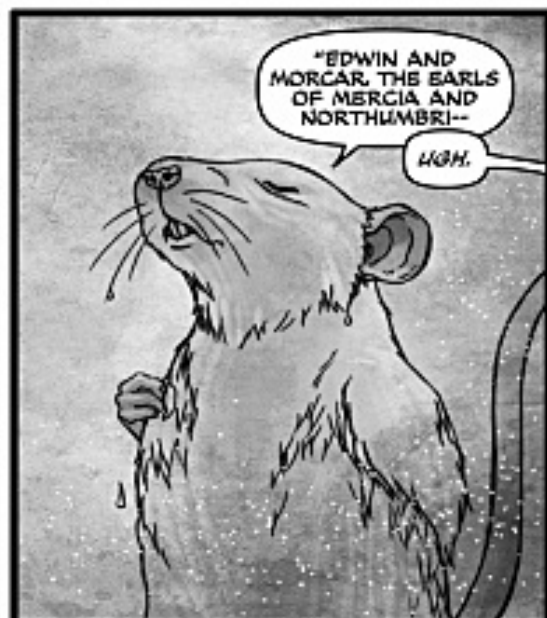
OH DEAR.



MOUSE DEAR! DO COME BACK! I SHAN'T TALK ABOUT DOGS OR CATS!



LET US GET TO THE SHORE, AND THEN I'LL TELL YOU MY HISTORY, AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY I HATE CATS AND DOGS.





First, the Dodo marked out a race-course in a sort of circle, and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there.

There was no "One, two, three, and away!" but they began running when they liked and left off when they liked.



When they had been running for half an hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo suddenly came to a stop.



STOP!

THE RACE IS OVER!



BUT WHO HAS WON?

YES, WHO?

EVERY-BODY HAS WON, AND ALL MUST HAVE PRIZES.





NOW THEN,
SIT DOWN AND I
SHALL TELL YOU
MY HISTORY.

MINE IS A
LONG AND
SAD TALE.

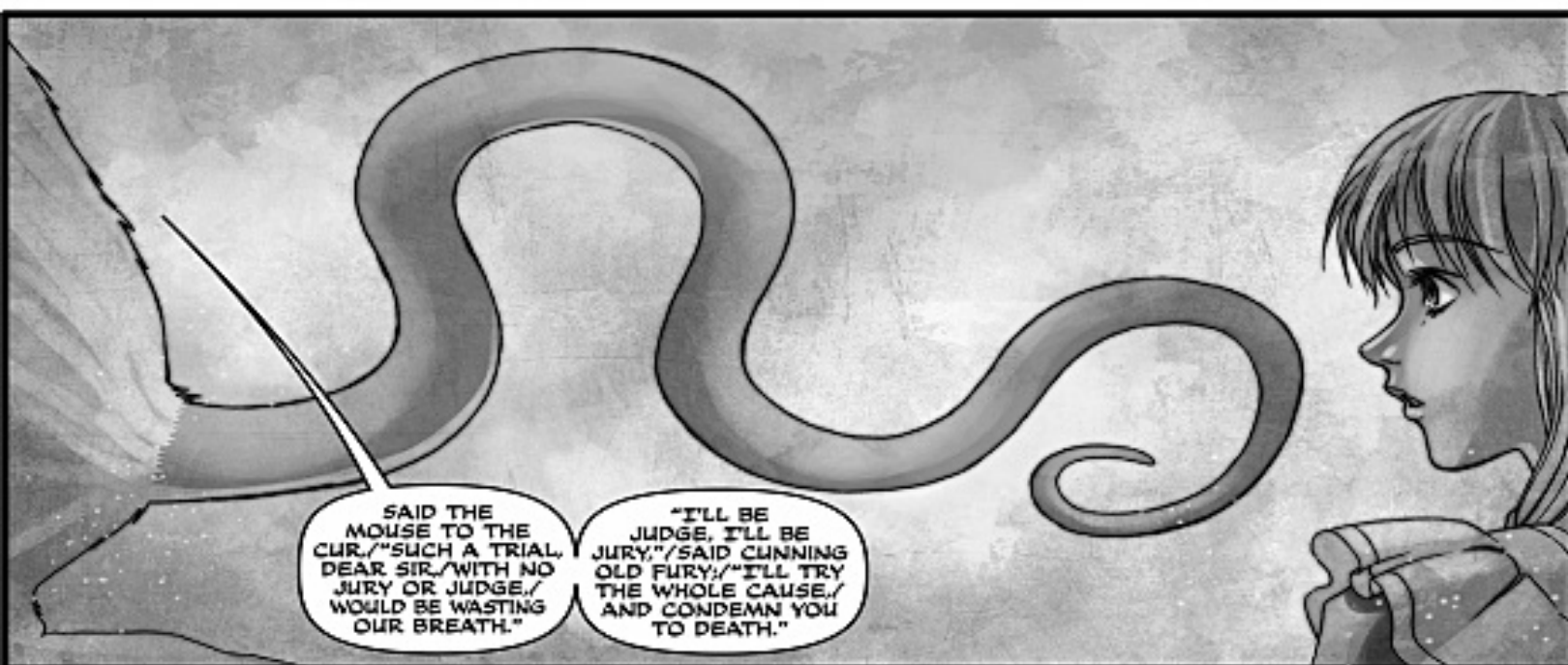


IT IS A
LONG TAIL,
CERTAINLY,
BUT WHY DO
YOU CALL
IT SAD?



FURY SAID TO THE MOUSE,
THAT HE MET IN THE HOUSE.
"LET US BOTH GO TO LAW!
I WILL PROSECUTE YOU.--"

COME, I'LL TAKE NO DENIAL:
WE MUST HAVE A TRIAL:
FOR REALLY THIS MORNING
I'VE NOTHING TO DO."



SAID THE
MOUSE TO THE
CUR, "SUCH A TRIAL,
DEAR SIR, WITH NO
JURY OR JUDGE,
WOULD BE WASTING
OUR BREATH."

"I'LL BE
JUDGE, I'LL BE
JURY," SAID CUNNING
OLD FURY; "I'LL TRY
THE WHOLE CAUSE,
AND CONDEMN YOU
TO DEATH."



YOU ARE
NOT ATTENDING!
WHAT ARE YOU
THINKING OF?



I BEG YOUR PARDON!
YOU HAD GOT TO THE FIFTH
BEND I THINK.

I HAD
NOT!

A KNOT? OH,
DO LET ME HELP
YOU UNDO IT!

I SHALL
DO NOTHING OF
THE SORT! YOU
INSULT ME BY
TALKING SUCH
NONSENSE!

I DIDN'T MEAN IT.
YOU ARE SO EASILY
OFFENDED, YOU
KNOW.

PLEASE
COME
BACK!

COME BACK
AND FINISH
YOUR STORY!

WHAT
A PITY IT
WOULDN'T
STAY...

LET THIS BE A
LESSON TO YOU
NEVER TO LOSE
YOUR TEMPER!

HOLD
YOUR TONGUE.
MAY YOU'RE
ENOUGH TO TRY
THE PATIENCE OF
AN OYSTER!

I WISH I
HAD OUR DINAH
HERE. SHE'D
SOON FETCH
IT BACK.

AND WHO
IS DINAH. IF I
MIGHT VENTURE
TO ASK THE
QUESTION?

DINAH'S
OUR CAT!

SHE'S SUCH A
CAPITAL ONE FOR
CATCHING MICE, AND
YOU SHOULD SEE
HER AFTER THE
BIRDS!

WHY. SHE'LL
EAT A LITTLE BIRD
AS SOON AS
LOOK AT IT!

I REALLY
MUST BE
GETTING
HOME.

COME
AWAY, MY
DEARS!

I WISH
I HADN'T
MENTIONED
DINAH.

OH DINAH,
I WONDER IF I
SHALL EVER SEE
YOU ANY MORE.
?SNIFF?

THE
DUCHESS!
THE DUCHESS!
OH MY DEAR
PAWS!

SHE'LL GET ME
EXCITED, AS SURE
AS FERRETS ARE
FERRETS!

WHY, IT'S
THE WHITE
RABBIT!

OH WHERE
CAN I HAVE
DROPPED THEM.
I WONDER?

HE
MUST MEAN
HIS FAN AND
GLOVES.

OH, BUT
THE GREAT
HALL, THE
GLASS TABLE,
THE LITTLE
DOOR... IT IS
ALL GONE
NOW!

MARY ANN?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

BUT
MIST--

RUN HOME
THIS MOMENT, AND
FETCH ME A PAIR OF
GLOVES AND A FAN!
QUICK, NOW!

Alice ran off at once in the
direction it pointed to without
trying to explain the mistake
that it had made.

HE TOOK ME
FOR HIS HOUSEMAID!
STILL, I'D BETTER
TAKE HIM HIS FAN
AND GLOVES.

THAT IS, IF
I CAN FIND
THEM.



KNOCK KNOCK

MARY ANN!
MARY ANN! FETCH
ME MY GLOVES
THIS MOMENT!

VERY WELL,
I SHALL GO
AROUND AND
GET IN BY THE
WINDOW!

THAT
YOU
WON'T!

AAAGH!

PAT! PAT!
WHERE ARE
YOU?

SURE THEN,
I'M HERE! DIGGING
FOR APPLES, YER
HONOUR!

NOW TELL
ME PAT, WHAT'S
THAT IN THE
WINDOW?

SURE,
IT'S AN
ARRUM, YER
HONOUR!

AN ARM
YOU GOOSE!
WHO EVER SAW ONE
THAT SIZE? WHY IT
FILLS THE WHOLE
WINDOW!

SURE IT DOES,
YER HONOUR; BUT
IT'S AN ARM FOR
ALL THAT.

WELL IT'S GOT
NO BUSINESS
THERE, AT ANY
RATE; GO AND
TAKE IT AWAY!

SURE,
I DON'T LIKE IT,
YER HONOUR,
NOT AT ALL!

DO AS I
TELL YOU,
YOU
COWARD!



WHAT A
NUMBER OF CUCUMBER-
FRAMES THERE MUST
BE! I WONDER WHAT
THEY'LL DO NEXT?



BILL! FETCH
THE LADDER! AND
PUT IT UP AT
THIS CORNER!



NOW, SOMEONE
MUST GO DOWN THE
CHIMNEY, BILL! YOU
MUST GO DOWN!
HURRY UP!

OH! SO
BILL'S GOT TO
COME DOWN
THE CHIMNEY.
HAS HE?



WHY, THEY
SEEM TO PUT
EVERYTHING
UPON BILL!

I WOULDN'T
BE IN BILL'S
PLACE FOR A
GOOD DEAL!



THIS
FIREPLACE IS
NARROW, BUT
I THINK I
CAN KICK A
LITTLE!



THERE
GOES BILL!

CATCH HIM,
YOU BY THE
HEDGE!



WE
MUST BURN
THE HOUSE
DOWN!



IF YOU
DO, I'LL SET
MY CAT AT
YOU!

OH!



The little cake did make Alice smaller, much smaller, and she slipped away without anyone noticing.





WHO ARE YOU?

I-I HARDLY KNOW, SIR, JUST AT PRESENT--AT LEAST I KNOW WHO I WAS WHEN I GOT UP THIS MORNING.

BUT I THINK I MUST HAVE BEEN CHANGED SEVERAL TIMES SINCE THEN.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT? EXPLAIN YOURSELF!

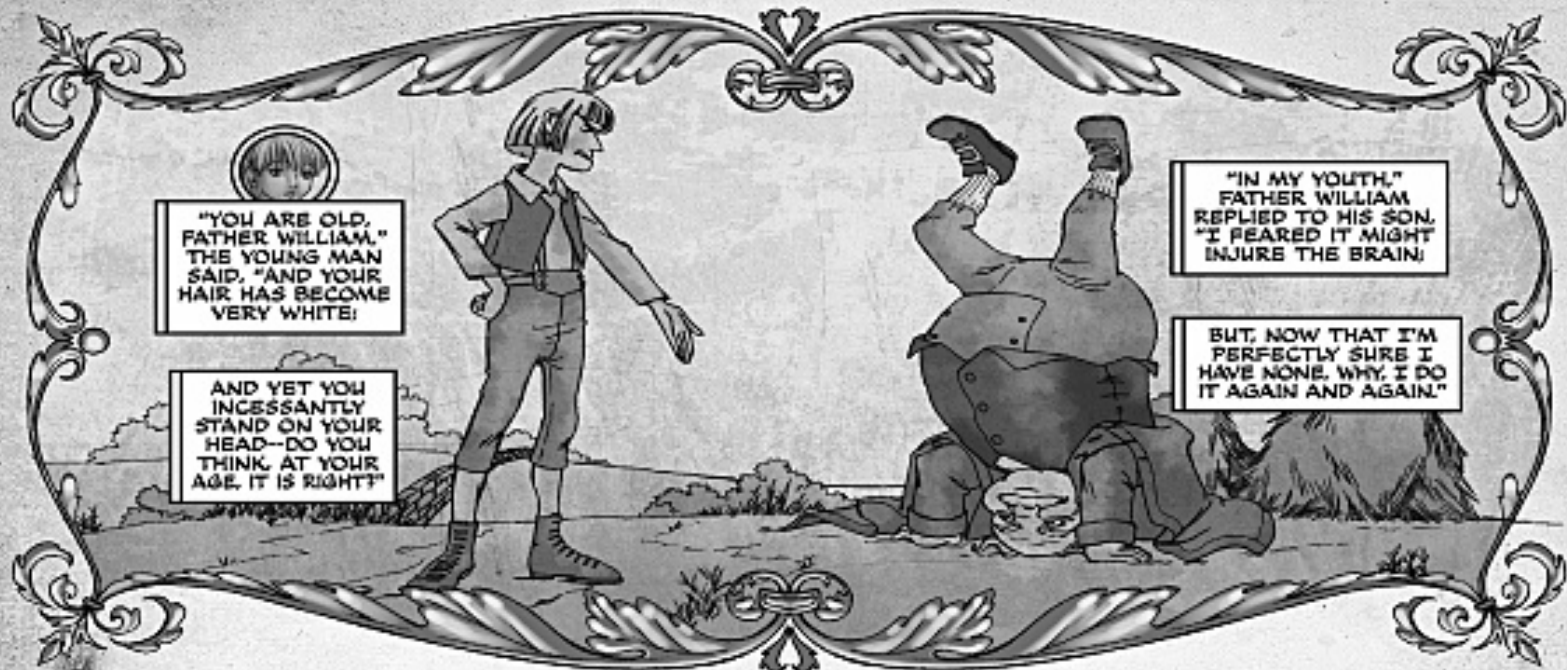
I CAN'T EXPLAIN MYSELF, I'M AFRAID, SIR, BECAUSE I'M NOT MYSELF, YOU SEE.



I DON'T SEE.

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T MAKE IT CLEARER, FOR I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF, AND BEING SO MANY SIZES IN ONE DAY IS VERY CONFUSING.





"YOU ARE OLD," SAID THE YOUTH,
"AND YOUR JAWS ARE TOO WEAK--
FOR ANYTHING TOUGHER THAN SUET!"

YET YOU FINISHED THE
GOOSE, WITH THE BONES
AND THE BEAK--PRAY HOW
DID YOU MANAGE TO DO IT?"

"IN MY YOUTH," SAID HIS
FATHER, "I TOOK TO THE
LAW, AND ARGUED EACH
CASE WITH MY WIFE;

AND THE
MUSCULAR
STRENGTH,
WHICH IT GAVE
TO MY JAW,
HAS LASTED
THE REST OF
MY LIFE."



"YOU ARE OLD," SAID
THE YOUTH, "ONE WOULD
HARDLY SUPPOSE--THAT
YOUR EYE WAS AS
STEADY AS EVER;

YET YOU BALANCED AN
EEL ON THE END OF YOUR
NOSE--WHAT MADE YOU
SO AWFULLY CLEVER?"

"I HAVE ANSWERED
THREE QUESTIONS, AND
THAT IS ENOUGH," SAID
HIS FATHER; "DON'T GIVE
YOURSELF AIRS!"

DO YOU THINK I CAN
LISTEN ALL DAY TO SUCH
STUFF? BE OFF, OR I'LL
KICK YOU DOWN STAIRS!"











I'M
A...I-I'M
A LITTLE
GIRL.



A LIKELY
STORY! I'VE NEVER
SEEN A LITTLE GIRL
WITH A NECK SUCH
AS THAT!

I SUPPOSE
YOU'LL BE TELLING
ME NEXT THAT YOU'VE
NEVER TASTED AN
EGG!



I HAVE
TASTED EGGS,
CERTAINLY.

BUT
I SHOULDN'T
WANT *YOURS!*
I DON'T LIKE
THEM RAW.



WELL,
BE OFF
THEN!



THERE!
THAT IS MUCH
BETTER!

NOW IF
ONLY I COULD FIND
MY WAY BACK TO
THAT BEAUTIFUL
GARDEN...







THERE IS PAH-CHOO!
CERTAINLY TOO MUCH PEPPER IN
THAT SOUP!



AH-TSHOO!
WAAAAAAAAAAH

PLEASE,
WOULD YOU TELL
ME, PAH-CHOO! WHY
YOUR CAT GRINS
LIKE THAT?



IT'S A
CHESHIRE CAT,
AND THAT'S
WHY.



I DIDN'T KNOW
THAT CHESHIRE CATS
ALWAYS GRINNED. IN FACT,
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT
CATS COULD GRIN.



THEY
ALL CAN, AND
MOST OF
'EM DO.

YOU DON'T
KNOW MUCH
AND THAT'S
A FACT.



OH,
PLEASE MIND
WHAT YOU
ARE DOING!

SMASH

CRASH



AND WATCH
OUT FOR HIS
LITTLE NOSE!



IF EVERYBODY
MINDED THEIR
OWN BUSINESS, THE
WORLD WOULD GO
ROUND A DEAL
FASTER THAN
IT DOES.

BUT THAT
WOULDN'T BE A
GOOD THING
NECESSARILY.



JUST THINK
WHAT WORK IT
WOULD MAKE
WITH THE DAY
AND NIGHT?

YOU SEE THE
EARTH TAKES
TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS TO TURN
ROUND ON
ITS AXIS--



TALKING
OF AXES,
CHOP OFF
HER HEAD!



SPEAK ROUGHLY
TO YOUR LITTLE BOY/
AND BEAT HIM WHEN HE
SNEEZES/HE ONLY DOES
IT TO ANNOY/BECAUSE
HE KNOWS IT TEASES.



I SPEAK
SEVERELY TO MY
BOY/I BEAT HIM WHEN
HE SNEEZES/FOR HE CAN
THOROUGHLY ENJOY/
THE PEPPER WHEN
HE PLEASES!



HERE! YOU
MAY NURSE IT
A BIT, IF YOU
LIKE!



I MUST
GO AND GET
READY TO PLAY
CROQUET WITH
THE QUEEN.





THAT DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU WANT TO GET TO.

I DON'T MUCH CARE WHERE...

THEN IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH WAY YOU WALK.



...SO LONG AS I GET SOMEWHERE.

TELL ME, WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE LIVE ABOUT HERE?



IN *THAT* DIRECTION LIVES A HATTER.

AND IN *THAT* DIRECTION LIVES A MARCH HARE.

VISIT EITHER YOU LIKE: THEY'RE BOTH MAD.



BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO AMONG MAD PEOPLE.



OH, YOU CAN'T HELP THAT. WE'RE ALL MAD HERE.

I'M MAD, *YOU'RE* MAD.



HOW DO YOU KNOW I'M MAD?

YOU MUST BE, OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE.



DO YOU PLAY CROQUET WITH THE QUEEN TODAY?



I SHOULD LIKE IT VERY MUCH, BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED YET.



YOU'LL SEE ME THERE...

A black and white manga-style illustration of Alice standing in a forest. She is wearing a dress with a large bow and a pocket. The forest has tall, thin trees and some foliage on the ground.

WELL,
I'VE OFTEN SEEN
A CAT WITHOUT A
GRIN, BUT A GRIN
WITHOUT A CAT!

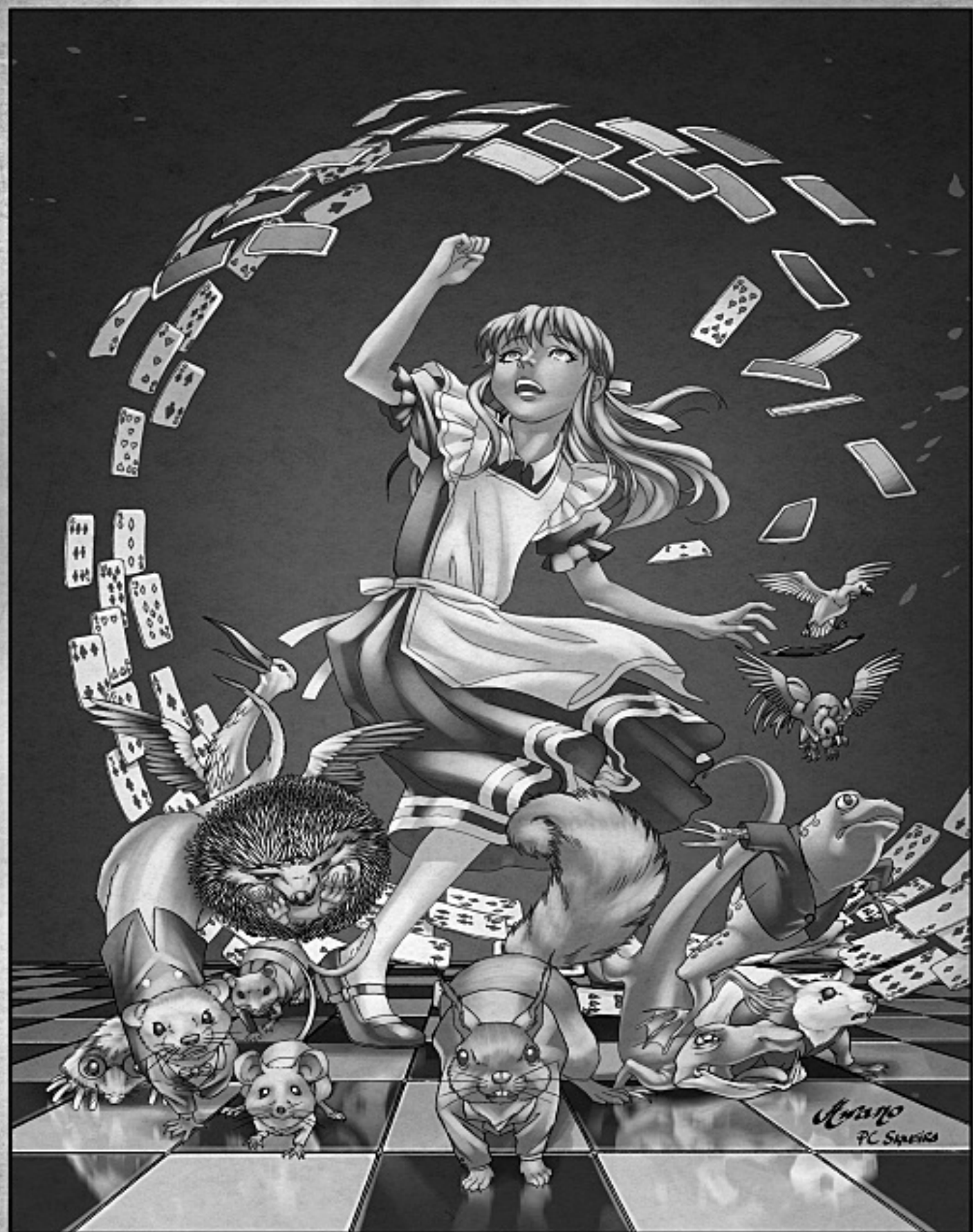
IT'S THE MOST
CURIOUS THING I
EVER SAW IN ALL
MY LIFE!

A black and white manga-style illustration of Alice looking startled or concerned. She is holding a small object in her hand. The background is dark and indistinct.

OH DEAR!
SUPPOSE THE
MARCH HARE
SHOULD BE
RAVING MAD...

A large black and white manga-style illustration of a surreal landscape. Alice is in the foreground, looking at a large, tilted house with a thatched roof. The house has a chimney with a long, winding pipe that goes up into the sky. There are trees, a pond with a fish, and various objects like a teapot and a teacup scattered around.

I ALMOST
WISH I'D GONE TO
SEE THE HATTER
INSTEAD!



Issue #2 cover by
ÉRICA AWANO



There was a table set out in the garden, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it.



NO ROOM!
NO ROOM!

THERE'S
PLENTY OF
ROOM!









WAKE UP, DORMOUSE!

I WASN'T ASLEEP. I HEARD EVERY WORD YOU FELLOWS WERE SAYING.



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE THREE SISTERS NAMED ELSIE, LACIE AND TILLIE, AND THEY LIVED AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL.

WHAT DID THEY LIVE ON?



"TREACLE. IT WAS A TREACLE WELL."

"THESE THREE LITTLE SISTERS, THEY WERE LEARNING TO DRAW."



I WANT A CLEAN CUP! LET'S ALL MOVE ONE PLACE ON!

WHAT ON EARTH DID THEY DRAW AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL?

TREACLE OF COURSE. WHAT ELSE?



YOU CAN DRAW WATER OUT OF A WATER-WELL, SO I SHOULD THINK YOU COULD DRAW TREACLE OUT OF A TREACLE-WELL--EH, STUPID?

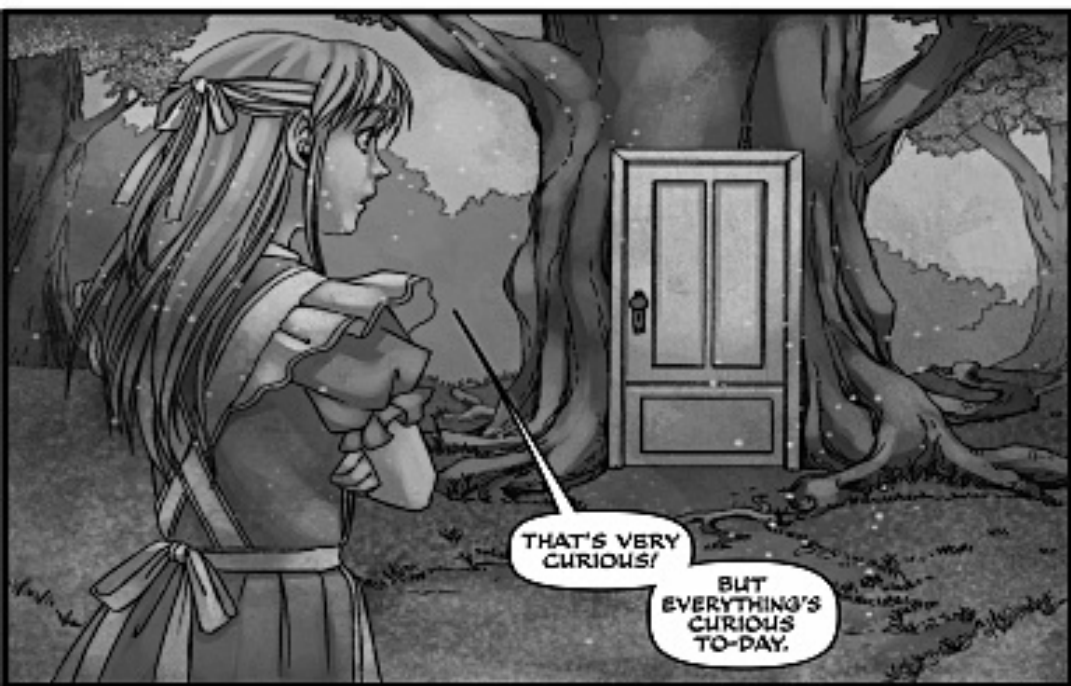


BUT THEY WERE ~~IN~~ THE WELL...



THEY WERE LEARNING TO DRAW ALL THINGS BEGINNING WITH M, LIKE MOUSETRAPS, THE MOON, MUCHNESS...

YOU KNOW THE SAYING "MUCH OF A MUCHNESS"? DID YOU EVER SEE AN ACTUAL MUCHNESS?





OH!
I SAY, HOW
MARVELLOUS!



Once more Alice found
herself in the long hall, and
close to the little glass table.

NOW,
I KNOW I'LL
MANAGE
BETTER THIS
TIME!



She began by taking
the little golden key...



... and unlocking
the door that led
into the garden.



Then she set to work
nibbling at the
mushroom (she had
kept a piece of it in
her pocket) till she
was one foot high...

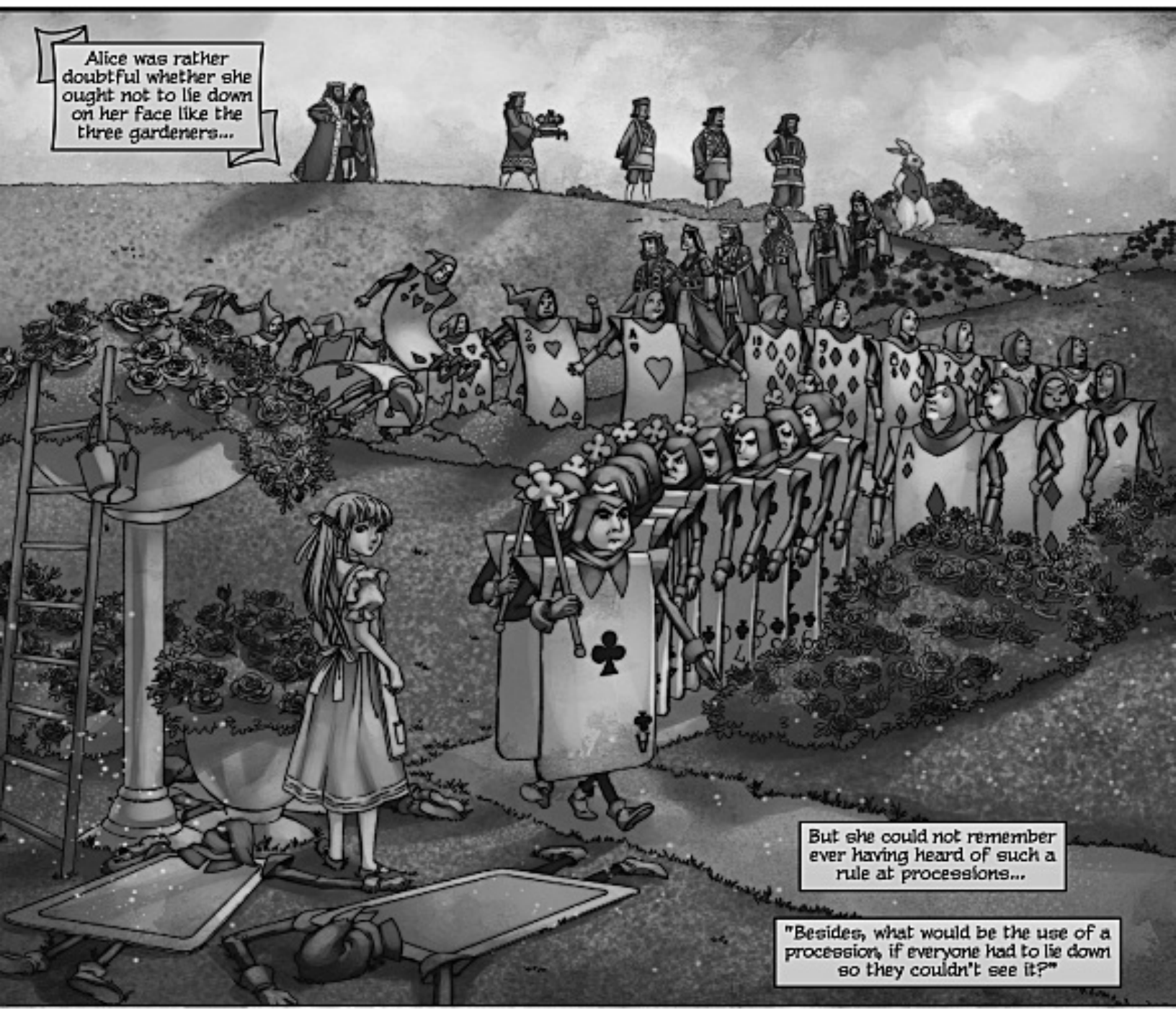


Then she walked down the
little passage, and then...

She found herself at
last in the beautiful
garden, among the
bright flower-beds and
the cool fountains.

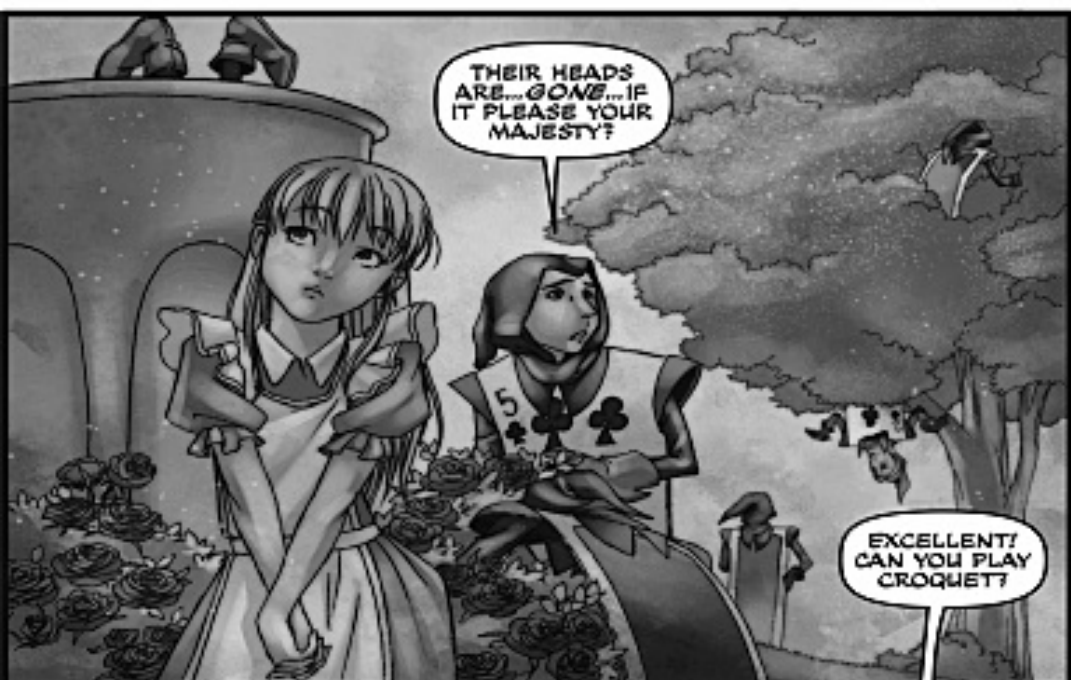


Alice was rather doubtful whether she ought not to lie down on her face like the three gardeners...



But she could not remember ever having heard of such a rule at processions...

"Besides, what would be the use of a procession, if everyone had to lie down so they couldn't see it?"





Alice had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in her life, it was all ridges and furrows, and the croquet balls were live hedgehogs!

The mallets were live flamingoes, and the soldiers had to become the arches.

The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarrelling all the while.



I'M MOST SURPRISED I'VE NOT YET HAD ANY DISPUTE WITH THE QUEEN.

I EXPECT I SHALL AT ANY MINUTE.

THEY'RE DREADFULLY FOND OF BEHEADING PEOPLE HERE...

IT'S A GREAT WONDER THERE ARE ANY PEOPLE LEFT!





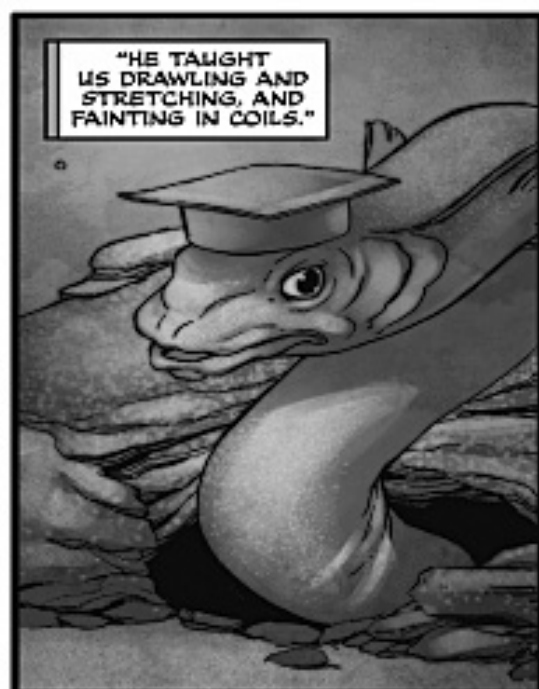














HOW DID YOU MANAGE ON THE TWELFTH?

ENOUGH ABOUT LESSONS!



TELL HER SOMETHING ABOUT THE GAMES NOW.



YOU MAY NOT HAVE LIVED MUCH UNDER THE SEA...

I HAVEN'T.

...AND YOU MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED TO A LOBSTER?

N-NO NEVER!



SO YOU CAN HAVE NO IDEA WHAT A DELIGHTFUL THING A LOBSTER-QUADRILLE IS!

NO INDEED! WHAT SORT OF A DANCE IS IT?

WHY, YOU FIRST FORM A LINE ACROSS THE SEASHORE...



TWO LINES!

SEALS, TURTLES, SALMON AND SO ON--THEN WHEN YOU'VE CLEARED AWAY ALL THE JELLY FISH...

THAT GENERALLY TAKES SOME TIME!



...YOU ADVANCE TWICE!



"WILL YOU
WALK A LITTLE
FASTER?" SAID
A WHITING TO
A SNAIL.

"THERE'S A PORPOISE CLOSE BEHIND
US, AND HE'S TREADING ON MY TAIL."

"SEE HOW EAGERLY THE
LOBSTERS AND THE
TURTLES ALL ADVANCE!"

"THEY ARE WAITING ON THE SHINGLE--
WILL YOU COME AND JOIN THE DANCE?"

WILL YOU,
WON'T YOU, WILL
YOU, WON'T YOU,
WILL YOU JOIN
THE DANCE?

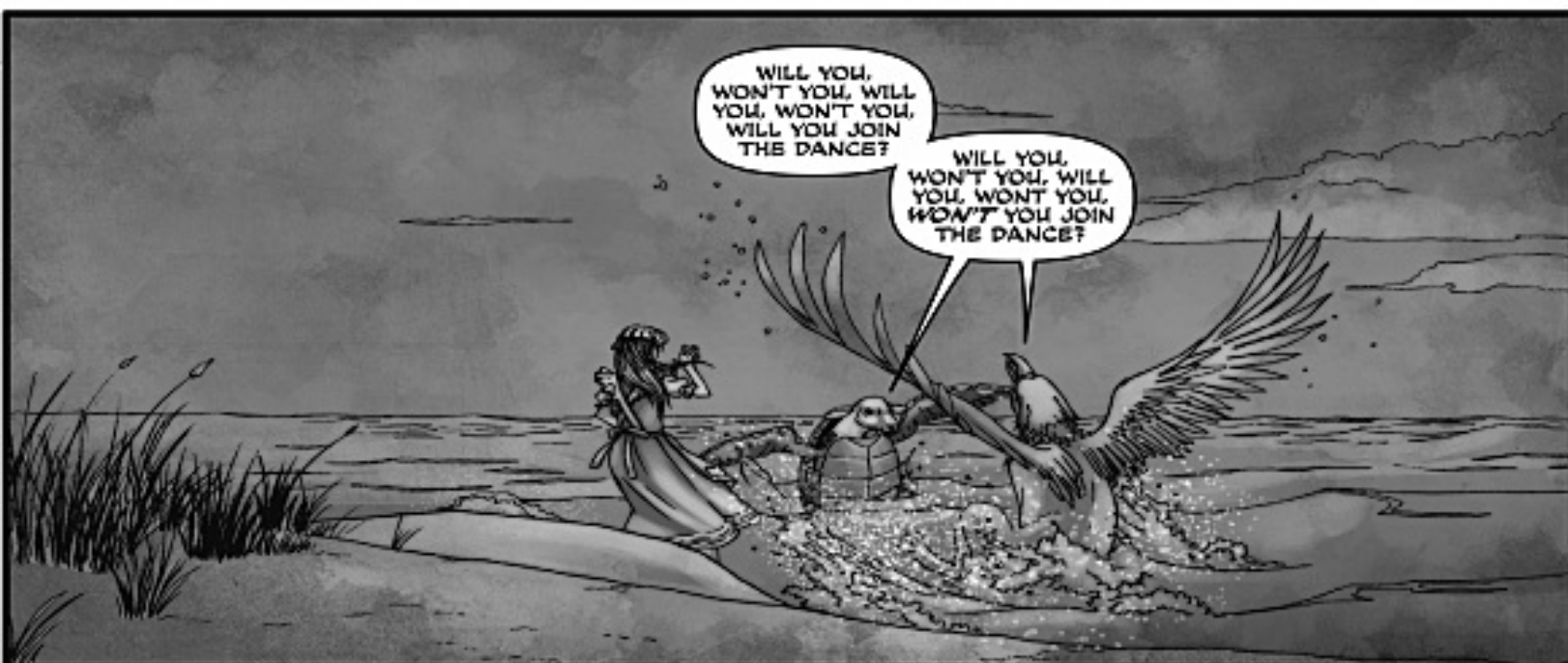
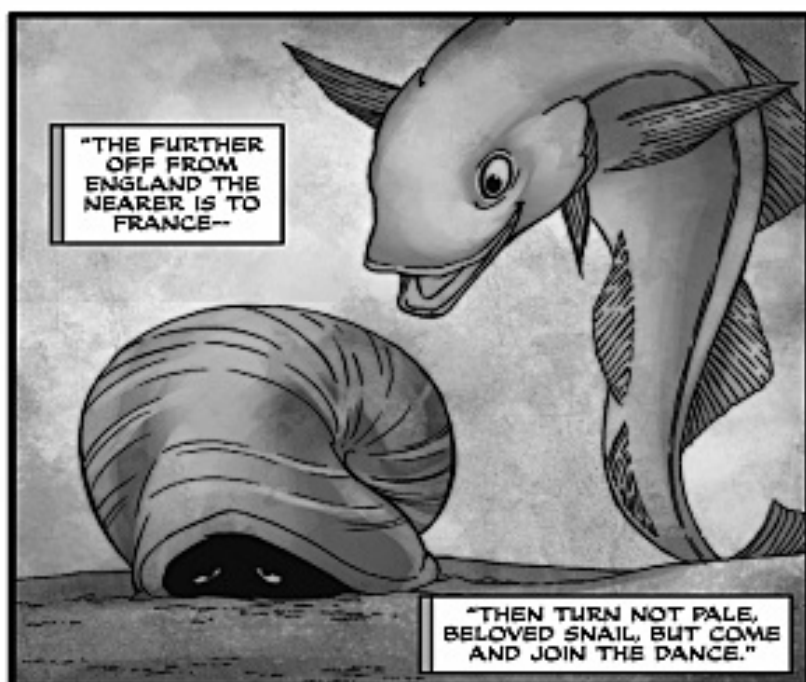
WILL YOU,
WON'T YOU, WILL
YOU, WON'T YOU,
WON'T YOU JOIN
THE DANCE?

"YOU REALLY
HAVE NO
NOTION HOW
DELIGHTFUL IT
WILL BE"

"WHEN THEY
TAKE US UP AND
THROW US, WITH
THE LOBSTERS
OUT TO SEA!"

"BUT THE SNAIL
REPLIED "TOO
FAR! TOO FAR!"
AND GAVE A LOOK
ASKANCE."

"SAID HE THANKED
THE WHITING KINDLY,
BUT HE WOULD NOT
JOIN THE DANCE."







"TIS THE VOICE
OF THE LOBSTER" I HEARD
HIM DECLARE / "YOU HAVE
BAKED ME TOO BROWN, I
MUST SUGAR MY HAIR."

AS A DUCK WITH ITS
EYELIDS, SO HE WITH HIS
NOSE / TRIMS HIS BELT
AND HIS BUTTONS, AND
TURNS OUT HIS TOES.

WHEN THE SANDS
ARE ALL DRY, HE IS GAY AS
A LARK / AND WILL TALK IN
CONTEMPTUOUS TONES
OF THE SHARK!

BUT, WHEN THE
TIDE RISES AND SHARKS
ARE AROUND, / HIS VOICE
HAS A TIMID AND
TREMULOUS SOUND.

WELL I
SHOULD LIKE
TO HAVE *THAT*
EXPLAINED!

SHE CAN'T
EXPLAIN IT. GO
ON WITH THE
NEXT VERSE!

"I PASSED BY HIS
GARDEN, AND MARKED,
WITH ONE EYE, / HOW THE
OWL AND THE PANTHER
WERE SHARING A PIE:

THE PANTHER
TOOK PIE-CRUST, AND
GRAVY, AND MEAT, / WHILE
THE OWL HAD THE DISH
AS ITS SHARE OF
THE TREAT.

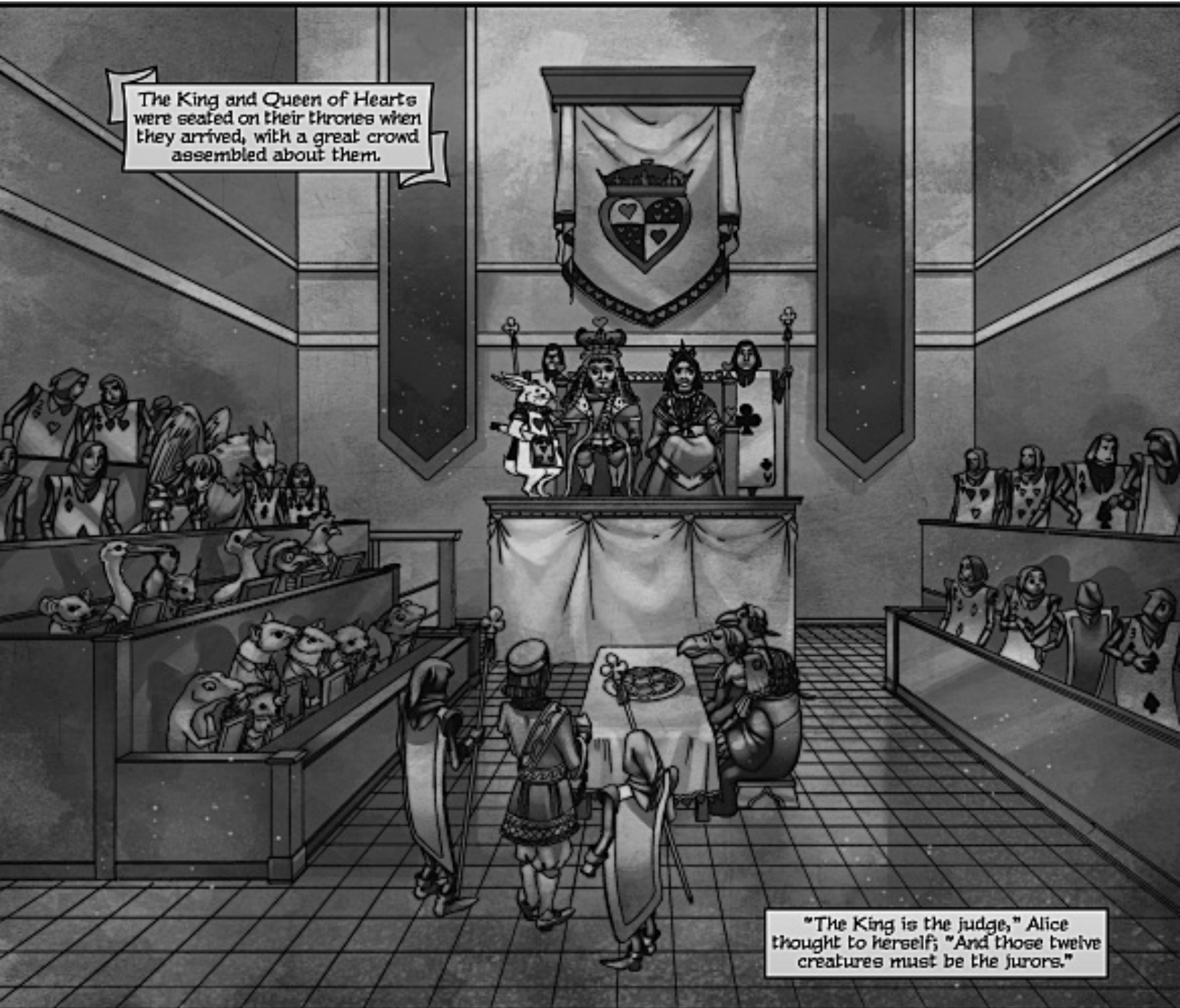
WHEN THE PIE
WAS ALL FINISHED, THE
OWL, AS A BOON, / WAS
KINDLY PERMITTED TO
POCKET THE SPOON:

WHILE THE
PANTHER RECEIVED
KNIFE AND FORK
WITH A GROWL, / AND
CONCLUDED THE
BANQUET BY--

ENOUGH!



The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their thrones when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them.



"The King is the judge," Alice thought to herself; "And those twelve creatures must be the jurors."

WHAT ARE THEY DOING? THEY CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO PUT DOWN BEFORE THE TRIAL HAS BEGUN.



THEY'RE PUTTING DOWN THEIR NAMES FOR FEAR THAT THEY SHOULD FORGET THEM BEFORE THE END OF THE TRIAL.



STUPID THINGS!

stupid things?





TAKE
OFF YOUR
HAT?

IT-IT ISN'T
MINE...

STOLEN!



I-I KEEP
THEM TO
SELL. I'VE
NONE OF
MY OWN.

I'M A
HATTER.



GIVE YOUR
EVIDENCE AND DON'T
BE NERVOUS, OR I'LL
HAVE YOU EXECUTED
ON THE SPOT!



I'M
A POOR
MAN, YOUR
MAJESTY!

I HADN'T BEGIN
MY TEA--NOT ABOVE A
WEEK OR SO--AND WHAT
WITH THE BREAD GETTING
THIN AND THE TWINKLING
OF THE TEA...



THE
TWINKLING
OF WHAT?

IT
BEGAN WITH
THE TEA.



OF COURSE
TWINKLING
BEGINS
WITH A T!

DO YOU
TAKE ME FOR
A DUNCE?
GO ON!







BEHEAD THAT
DORMOUSE!



TURN THAT
DORMOUSE OUT
OF COURT!



SUPPRESS
HIM!



PINCH HIM/
OFF WITH HIS
WHISKERS!



NEVER MIND/
CALL THE NEXT
WITNESS.

REALLY,
MY DEAR, YOU MUST
CROSS-EXAMINE THE
NEXT WITNESS. IT QUITE
MAKES MY FOREHEAD
ACHE!



ALICE!







SILENCE!

RULE FORTY-TWO.
ALL PERSONS MORE
THAN A MILE HIGH TO
LEAVE THE COURT.

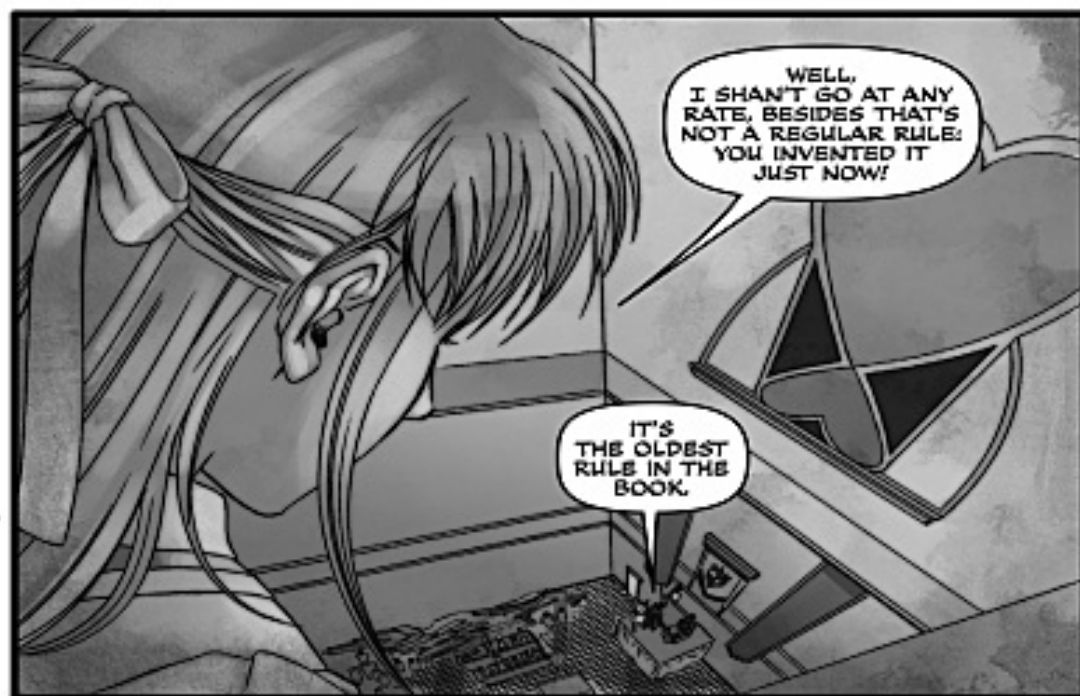


I'M
NOT A MILE
HIGH!



YOU ARE.

NEARLY
TWO MILES
HIGH!



WELL,
I SHAN'T GO AT ANY
RATE, BESIDES THAT'S
NOT A REGULAR RULE!
YOU INVENTED IT
JUST NOW!

IT'S
THE OLDEST
RULE IN THE
BOOK.



THEN IT
OUGHT TO BE
RULE NUMBER
ONE!

C-CONSIDER
YOUR VERDICT!



THERE'S
MORE EVIDENCE
TO COME YET,
PLEASE YOUR
MAJESTY, THIS
PAPER HAS
JUST BEEN
PICKED UP.

WHAT'S
IN IT?

IT'S A SET
OF VERSES.

ARE THEY IN
THE PRISONER'S
HANDWRITING?

NO,
THEY'RE NOT,
AND THAT'S THE
QUEEREST THING
ABOUT IT...

HE
MUST'VE IMITATED
SOMEBODY ELSE'S
HAND!

PLEASE
YOUR MAJESTY,
I DIDN'T WRITE IT,
AND THEY CAN'T
PROVE I DID.

THERE'S
NO NAME
SIGNED AT
THE END!

IF YOU
DIDN'T SIGN
IT, THAT ONLY
MAKES THE
MATTER
WORSE.

YOU MUST'VE
MEANT SOME
MISCHIEF, OR YOU'D
HAVE SIGNED YOUR
NAME LIKE AN
HONEST MAN!

CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

THAT PROVES
HIS GUILTY OFF
WITH HIS HEAD!

IT PROVES
NOTHING OF
THE SORT!

WHY YOU
DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT
THEY'RE
ABOUT!

READ THEM
THEN. GO ON!
READ THEM.

THEY TOLD ME
YOU HAD BEEN TO HER,
/ AND MENTIONED ME
TO HIM: / SHE GAVE ME
A GOOD CHARACTER, /
BUT SAID I COULD
NOT SWIM.

HE SENT THEM
WORD I HAD NOT GONE.
/ (WE KNOW IT TO BE
TRUE): / IF SHE SHOULD
PUSH THE MATTER ON, /
WHAT WOULD BECOME
OF YOU?

I GAVE HER ONE.
THEY GAVE HIM TWO, / YOU
GAVE US THREE OR MORE:
/ THEY ALL RETURNED FROM
HIM TO YOU / THOUGH THEY
WERE MINE BEFORE.

IF I OR SHE
SHOULD CHANCE TO BE /
INVOLVED IN THIS AFFAIR, /
HE TRUSTS TO YOU TO SET
THEM FREE, / EXACTLY
AS WE WERE.

MY NOTION WAS
THAT YOU HAD BEEN /
(BEFORE SHE HAD THIS
FIT) / AN OBSTACLE
THAT CAME BETWEEN /
HIM, AND OURSELVES,
AND IT.

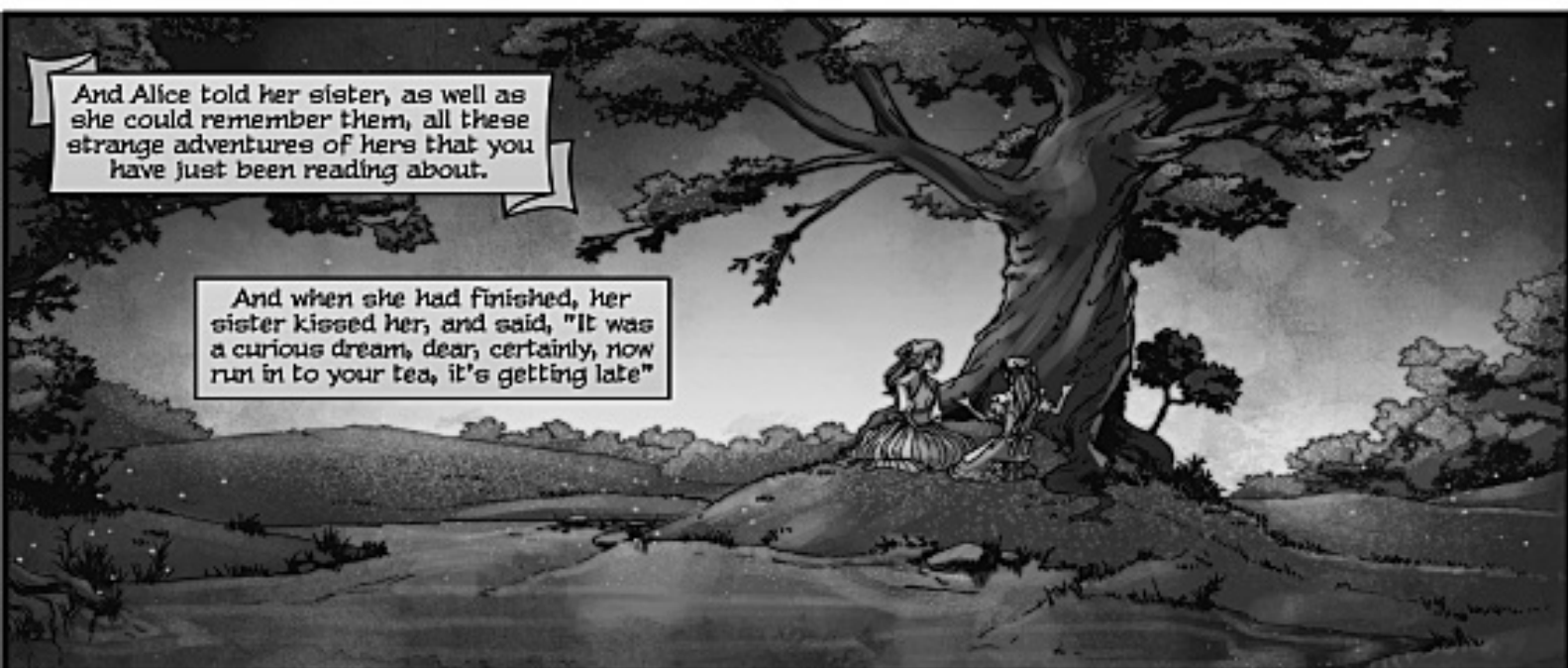
DON'T LET HIM
KNOW SHE LIKED THEM
BEST, / FOR THIS MUST
EVER BE / A SECRET KEPT
FROM ALL THE REST, /
BETWEEN YOURSELF
AND ME.

THAT'S THE
MOST IMPORTANT
PIECE OF
EVIDENCE WE'VE
HEARD YET!

LET THE
JURY CONSIDER
THEIR
VERDICT!

NO,
NO! SENTENCE
FIRST—VERDICT
AFTERWARDS!







Issue #3 cover by
ÉRICA AWANO

It was the black kitten's fault entirely.



While Alice sat half asleep in the great arm-chair, the kitten had been having a grand game with the ball of worsted.



OH, YOU WICKED LITTLE THING!



REALLY, DINAH OUGHT TO HAVE TAUGHT YOU BETTER MANNERS!



DO YOU KNOW WHAT TO-MORROW IS, KITTY?

EARLIER, I WAS WATCHING THE BOYS GETTING IN STICKS FOR THE BONFIRE. IT WANTS PLENTY OF STICKS!



WHEN I SAW ALL THE MISCHIEF YOU HAD BEEN DOING, I VERY NEARLY OPENED THE WINDOW AND PUT YOU OUT INTO THE SNOW!



AND YOU'D HAVE DESERVED IT, YOU LITTLE MISCHIEVOUS DARLING! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?



KITTY, CAN YOU PLAY CHESS?





OH, KITTY!
HOW NICE IT WOULD BE
IF WE COULD GET THROUGH
INTO LOOKING-GLASS HOUSE!
I'M SURE IT'S GOT SUCH
BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN IT!

LET'S PRETEND
THERE'S A WAY OF
GETTING THROUGH!
LET'S PRETEND THE
GLASS HAS GOT ALL
SOFT LIKE GAUZE.



OH!



WELL, I
DECLARE!

And certainly, the glass
was beginning to melt
away, just like a bright
silvery mist.

In another moment Alice was through the glass, and in the Looking-glass room.



THERE
IS A FIRE!
JUST LIKE
AT HOME.
GOODNESS!



WHY, IT'S
THE RED
KING AND
THE RED
QUEEN!





IT IS
THE VOICE
OF MY CHILD!
MY PRECIOUS
LILY!



!GASP!



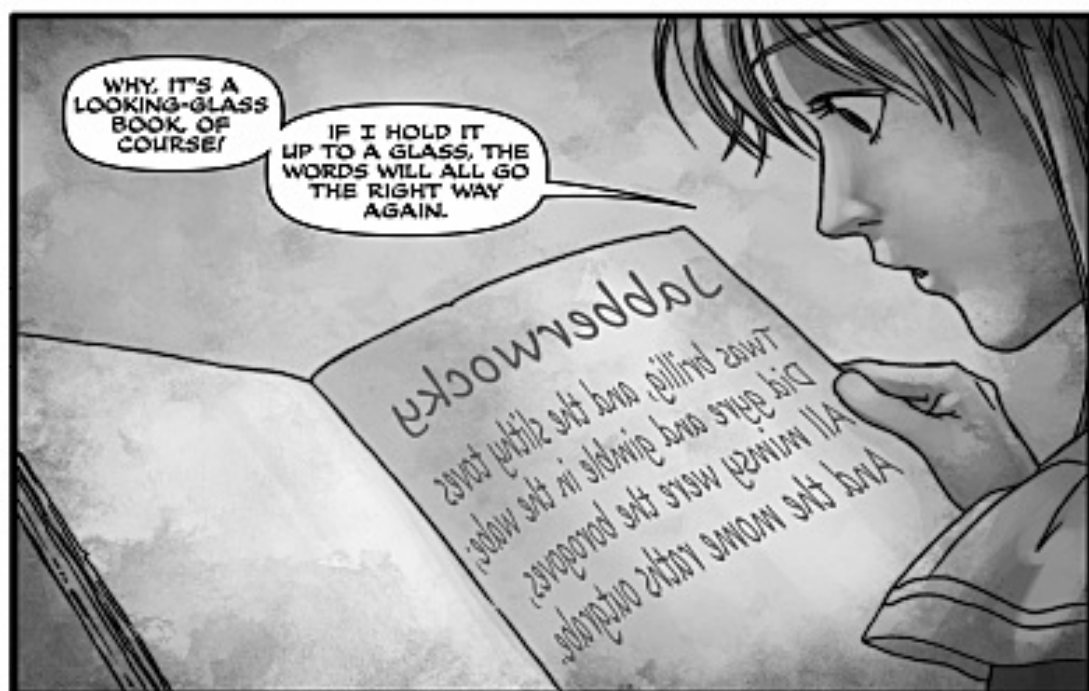
FEAR NOT,
I AM ON
MY WAY!



SHUFFLE
SHUFFLE



IT'S ALL
IN SOME
LANGUAGE
I DON'T
KNOW...



IF I HOLD IT
UP TO A GLASS, THE
WORDS WILL ALL GO
THE RIGHT WAY
AGAIN.

And the mouse later outdrew
All mirth and glee in the world;
Digging and groping in the walls;
Twas pulled and the right way
Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;

All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.



'Beware the Jubberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!



Beware the Jubjub bird, and slay
The frumious Bandersnatch!



He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought--



So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.



And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!



One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!'
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the boregoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

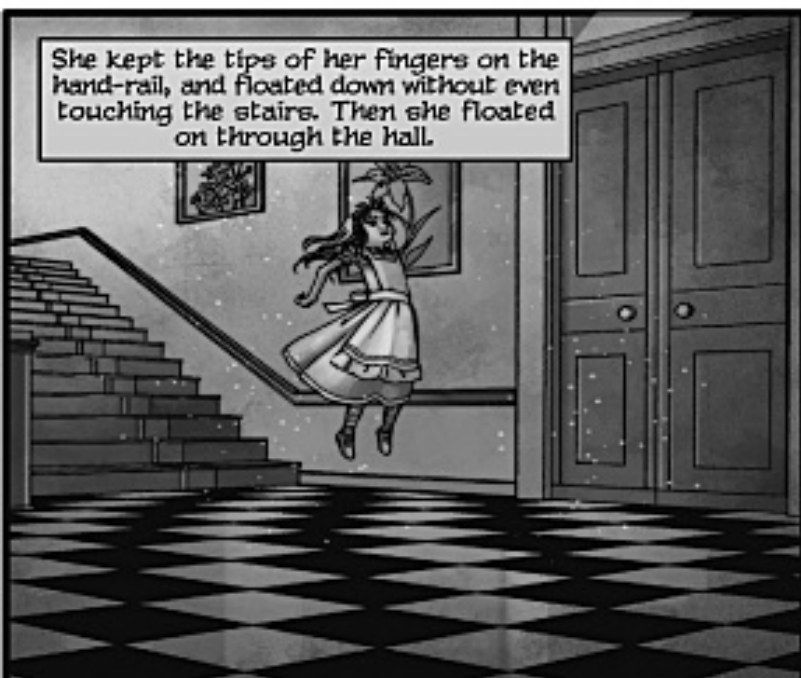




SOMEHOW
IT SEEMS TO FILL
MY HEAD WITH IDEAS...
ONLY I DON'T EXACTLY
KNOW WHAT THEY
ARE!



Or, at least, it wasn't exactly running, but a new invention of hers for getting down stairs quickly and easily, as Alice said to herself.







WE CAN
TALK...
...WHEN
THERE'S ANYBODY
WORTH TALKING
TO, THAT IS.



CAN
ALL THE
FLOWERS
TALK?

AS WELL AS
YOU CAN, AND
A GREAT DEAL
LOUDER!



IT ISN'T
MANNERS FOR
US TO BEGIN,
YOU KNOW!

HER FACE
ISN'T CLEVER, BUT AT
LEAST IT'S THE RIGHT
COLOUR, AND THAT'S
SOMETHING...

I DON'T CARE
ABOUT THE COLOUR;
IF ONLY HER PETALS
CURLED UP MORE, SHE'D
BE ALL RIGHT.

AREN'T
YOU FRIGHTENED,
BEING PLANTED OUT
HERE WITH NOBODY
TO TAKE CARE
OF YOU?



THERE'S THE
TREE IN THE
MIDDLE...

IT COULD
BARK!

IT SAYS
"BOUGH-WOUGH"...

THAT'S WHY
ITS BRANCHES ARE
CALLED BOUGHS!
DIDN'T YOU KNOW
THAT?





Alice wondered a little at this, but was too much in awe of the Queen to disbelieve it.

"I'll try it when I go home" she thought to herself, "The next time I'm a little late for dinner"

I ONLY WANTED TO SEE WHAT THE GARDEN WAS LIKE, YOUR MAJESTY...

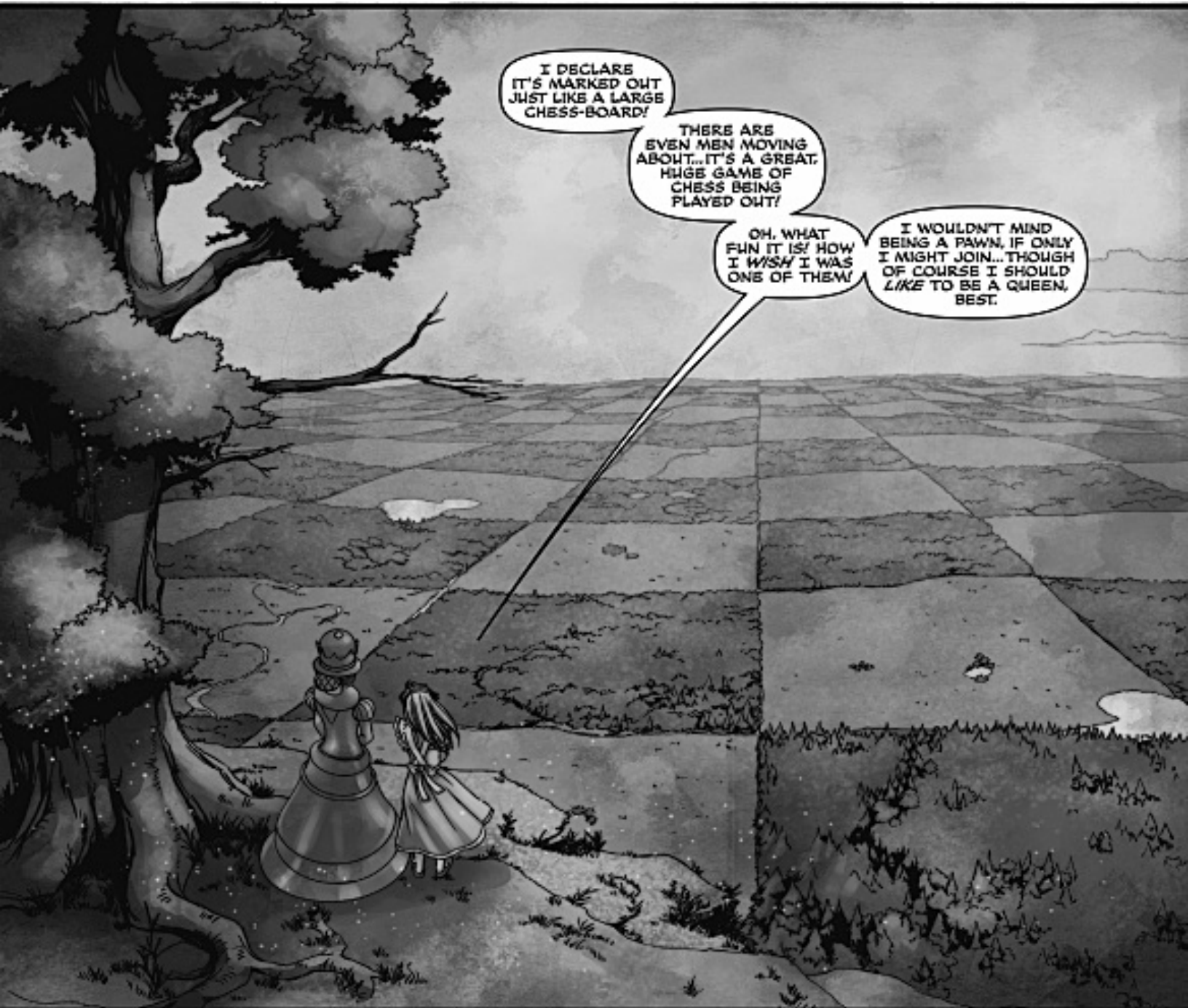
THAT'S RIGHT, THOUGH WHEN YOU SAY "GARDEN"—I'VE SEEN GARDENS, COMPARED WITH WHICH *THIS* WOULD BE A WILDERNESS.

...AND I THOUGHT I'D TRY AND FIND MY WAY TO THE TOP OF THAT HILL...

WHEN YOU SAY "HILL," I COULD SHOW YOU HILLS, IN COMPARISON WITH WHICH YOU'D CALL *THAT* A VALLEY.

NO I SHOULDN'T, A HILL *CAN'T* BE A VALLEY, YOU KNOW. THAT WOULD BE NONSENSE!

YOU MAY CALL IT NONSENSE IF YOU LIKE, BUT I'VE HEARD NONSENSE, COMPARED WITH WHICH THAT WOULD BE AS SENSIBLE AS A DICTIONARY!



I DECLARE
IT'S MARKED OUT
JUST LIKE A LARGE
CHESS-BOARD!

THERE ARE
EVEN MEN MOVING
ABOUT...IT'S A GREAT,
HUGE GAME OF
CHESS BEING
PLAYED OUT!

OH, WHAT
FUN IT IS! HOW
I WISH I WAS
ONE OF THEM!

I WOULDN'T MIND
BEING A PAWN, IF ONLY
I MIGHT JOIN...THOUGH
OF COURSE I SHOULD
LIKE TO BE A QUEEN,
BEST.



THAT'S
EASILY
DONE!

YOU CAN
BE THE WHITE
QUEEN'S PAWN,
AS LILY'S TOO
YOUNG TO PLAY,
AND YOU'RE IN
THE SECOND
SQUARE TO
BEGIN WITH!



WHEN YOU GET
TO THE EIGHTH
SQUARE YOU'LL
BE A QUEEN!



The first thing to do was to make a grand survey of the land she was to travel through.

PRINCIPAL RIVER? THERE ARE NONE...
PRINCIPAL MOUNTAINS? I THINK I'M STANDING ON THE ONLY ONE...



WHY, WHAT ARE THOSE CREATURES DOWN THERE?



THEY CAN'T BE BEES... NOBODY EVER SAW BEES A MILE OFF!

YOU KNOW, I DON'T THINK THEY ARE BEES AT ALL... I THINK THEY MUST BE...



ELEPHANTS! THEY ARE ELEPHANTS!

WELL, IT'LL NEVER DO TO GO DOWN AMONG THEM WITHOUT A GOOD LONG BRANCH TO BRUSH THEM AWAY...



I THINK I'LL GO DOWN THE OTHER WAY... AND PERHAPS I'LL VISIT THE ELEPHANTS LATER ON.



BESIDES, I DO SO WANT TO GET TO THE THIRD SQUARE!







I DON'T BELONG ON THIS TRAIN! I WAS IN A WOOD JUST NOW... I WISH I COULD GET BACK THERE!

YOU MIGHT MAKE A JOKE... HOW YOU WOULD IF YOU COULD...



IF YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS TO HAVE A JOKE MADE, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE ONE YOURSELF?

SIGH



I KNOW YOU ARE A FRIEND, A DEAR FRIEND AND AN OLD FRIEND.

AND YOU WON'T HURT ME THOUGH I AM AN INSECT.



WHAT KIND OF INSECT?

WHAT, THEN YOU DON'T...



IT'S ONLY A BROOK WE HAVE TO JUMP OVER.

Alice wasn't sure she liked the idea of trains jumping at all...



"I SUPPOSE IT'LL TAKE US INTO THE FOURTH SQUARE, THAT'S SOME COMFORT!"



THEN
YOU DON'T
LIKE ALL
INSECTS?

WHUMMP



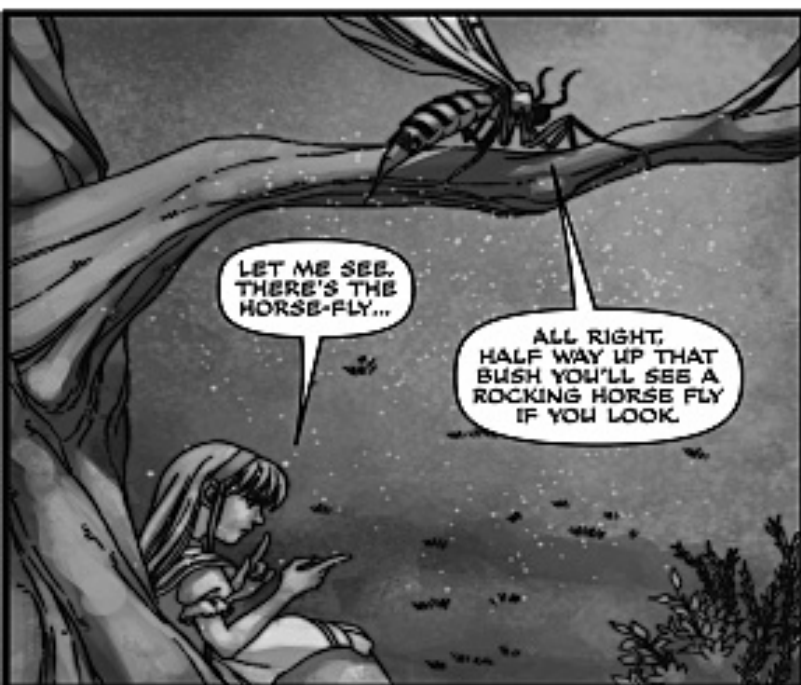
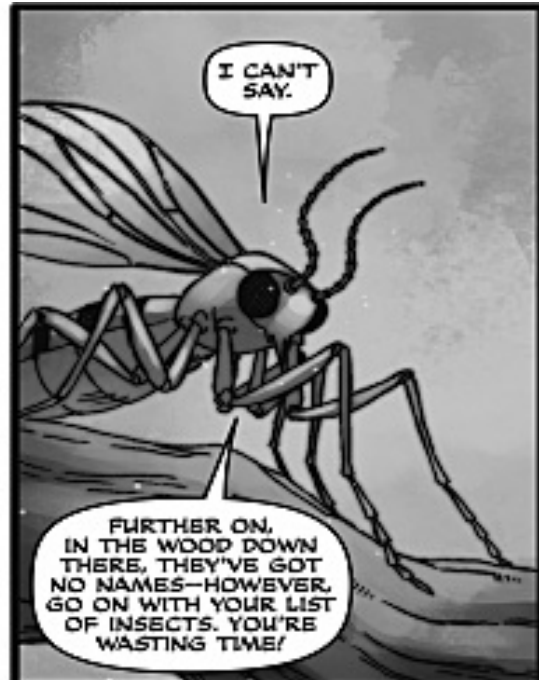
I LIKE THEM
WHEN THEY CAN
TALK. NONE OF
THEM EVER TALK
WHERE I COME FROM.

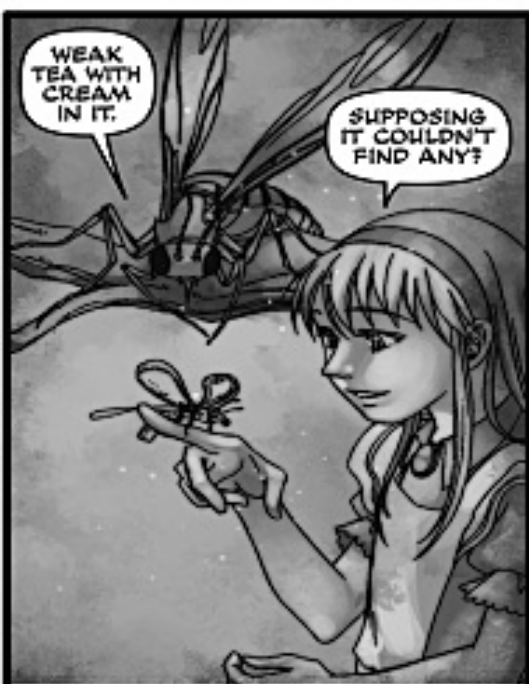
WHAT
SORT OF INSECTS
DO YOU REJOICE
IN WHERE YOU
COME FROM?

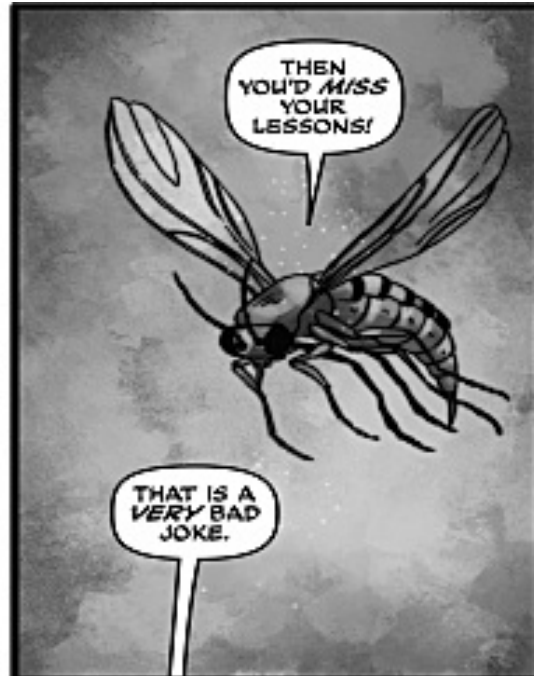


I DON'T
REJOICE IN INSECTS
AT ALL, BECAUSE I'M
RATHER AFRAID OF
THEM, AT LEAST THE
LARGE KINDS...

...BUT
I CAN TELL
YOU THE NAMES
OF SOME OF
THEM.











Alice went on and on, a long way, but wherever the road divided there were sure to be two finger-posts pointing the same way.



...TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE! NOW HOW DOES THE RHYME GO?

"TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE / AGREED TO HAVE A BATTLE; / FOR TWEEDLEDUM SAID TWEEDLEDEE / HAD SPOILED HIS NICE NEW RATTLE."

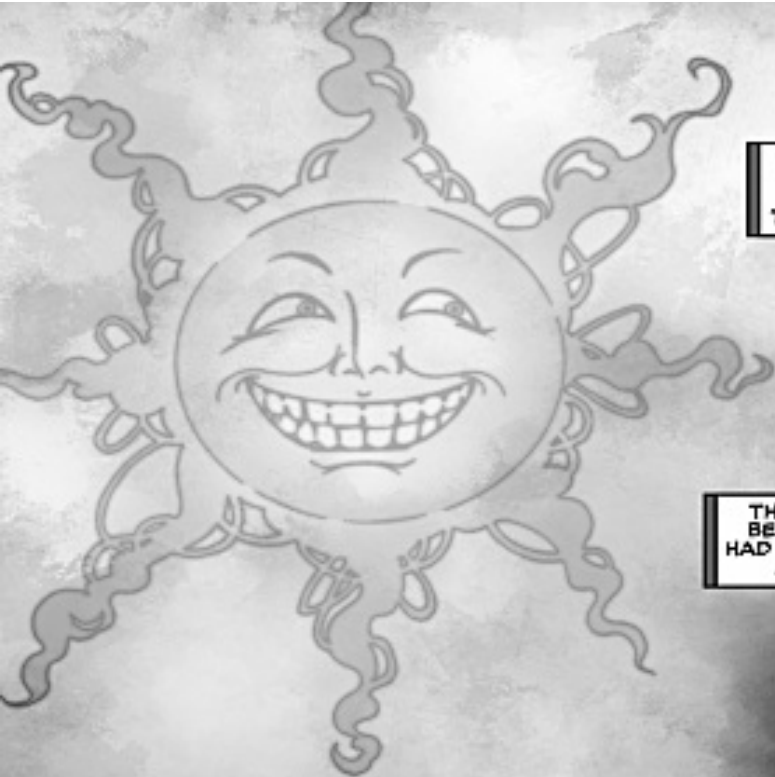


JUST THEN FLEW DOWN A MONSTROUS CROW, / AS BLACK AS A TAR-BARREL; / WHICH FRIGHTENED BOTH THE HEROES SO. / THEY QUITE FORGOT THEIR QUARREL."



IF YOU THINK WE'RE WAX-WORKS YOU OUGHT TO PAY, YOU KNOW. WAX-WORKS WEREN'T MADE TO BE LOOKED AT FOR NOTHING. NOHOW!





THE SUN WAS SHINING ON THE SEA,
SHINING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT!
HE DID HIS VERY BEST TO MAKE
THE BILLOWS SMOOTH AND BRIGHT--



AND THIS WAS ODD, BECAUSE IT WAS
THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

THE MOON WAS SHINING SULKILY,
BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT THE SUN
HAD GOT NO BUSINESS TO BE THERE
AFTER THE DAY WAS DONE--



"IT'S VERY RUDE OF HIM," SHE SAID,
"TO COME AND SPOIL THE FUN!"

THE SEA WAS WET AS WET COULD BE,
THE SANDS WERE DRY AS DRY.
YOU COULD NOT SEE A CLOUD, BECAUSE
NO CLOUD WAS IN THE SKY!

NO BIRDS WERE FLYING OVER HEAD--
THERE WERE NO BIRDS TO FLY.





THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER
WERE WALKING CLOSE AT HAND;
THEY WEPT LIKE ANYTHING TO SEE
SUCH QUANTITIES OF SAND:



"IF THIS WERE ONLY CLEARED AWAY,"
THEY SAID, "IT WOULD BE GRAND!"

"IF SEVEN MAIDS WITH SEVEN MOPS
SWEEPED IT FOR HALF A YEAR,
DO YOU SUPPOSE," THE WALRUS SAID,
"THAT THEY COULD GET IT CLEAR?"

"I DOUBT IT," SAID THE CARPENTER,
AND SHED A BITTER TEAR.

"O OYSTERS, COME AND WALK WITH US!"
THE WALRUS DID BESEECH.
"A PLEASANT WALK, A PLEASANT TALK,
ALONG THE BRINY BEACH:

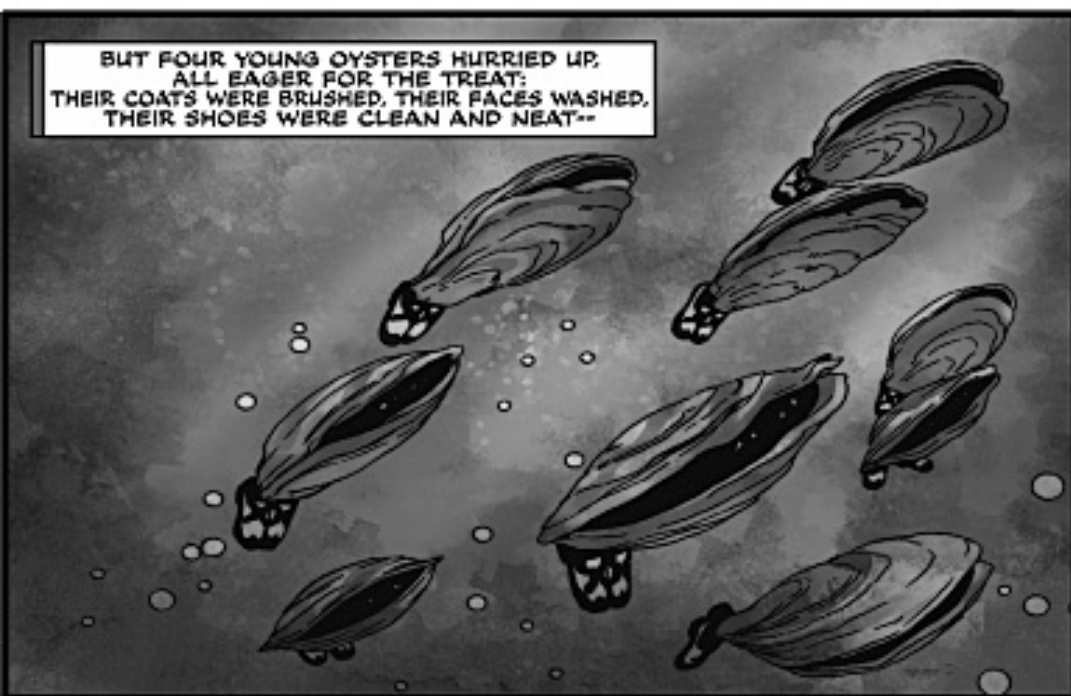
WE CANNOT DO WITH MORE THAN FOUR,
TO GIVE A HAND TO EACH."

THE ELDEST OYSTER LOOKED AT HIM,
BUT NEVER A WORD HE SAID;
THE ELDEST OYSTER WINKED HIS EYE,
AND SHOOK HIS HEAVY HEAD--

MEANING TO SAY HE DID NOT CHOOSE
TO LEAVE THE OYSTER-BED.



BUT FOUR YOUNG OYSTERS HURRIED UP,
ALL EAGER FOR THE TREAT:
THEIR COATS WERE BRUSHED, THEIR FACES WASHED,
THEIR SHOES WERE CLEAN AND NEAT--



AND THIS WAS ODD, BECAUSE, YOU KNOW,
THEY HADN'T ANY FEET.



FOUR OTHER OYSTERS FOLLOWED THEM,
AND YET ANOTHER FOUR;
AND THICK AND FAST THEY CAME AT LAST,
AND MORE, AND MORE, AND MORE--

ALL HOPPING THROUGH THE FROTHY WAVES,
AND SCRAMBLING TO THE SHORE.





THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER
WALKED ON A MILE OR SO,
AND THEN THEY RESTED ON A ROCK
CONVENIENTLY LOW:

AND ALL THE LITTLE OYSTERS STOOD
AND WAITED IN A ROW.



"THE TIME HAS COME," THE WALRUS SAID,
"TO TALK OF MANY THINGS:
OF SHOES--AND SHIPS--AND SEALING-WAX--
OF CABBAGES--AND KINGS--

AND WHY THE SEA IS BOILING HOT--
AND WHETHER PIGS HAVE WINGS."



"BUT WAIT A BIT," THE OYSTERS CRIED,
"BEFORE WE HAVE OUR CHAT:
FOR SOME OF US ARE OUT OF BREATH,
AND ALL OF US ARE FAT!"

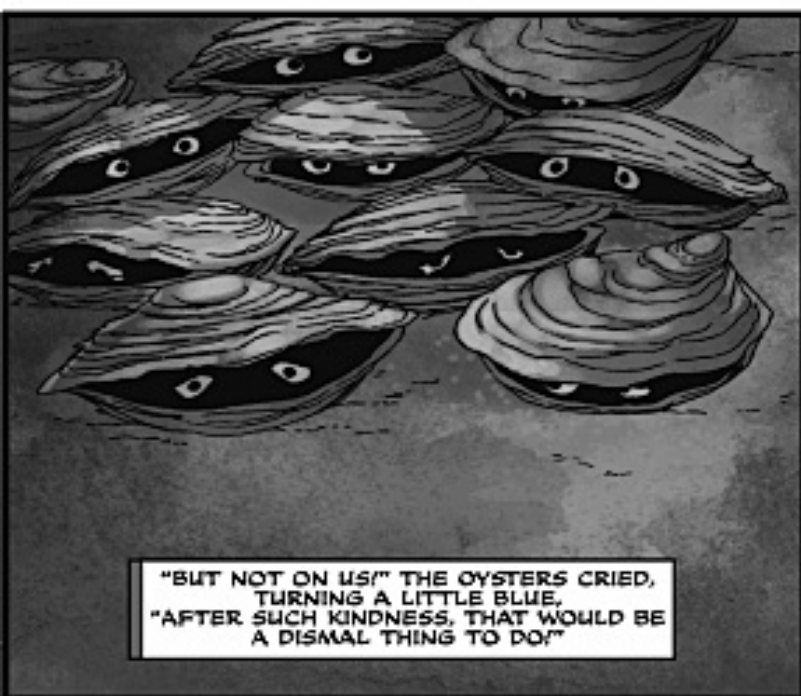


"NO HURRY!" SAID THE CARPENTER.
THEY THANKED HIM MUCH FOR THAT.

"A LOAF OF BREAD," THE WALRUS SAID,
"IS WHAT WE CHIEFLY NEED:
PEPPER AND VINEGAR BESIDES
ARE VERY GOOD INDEED--"



NOW IF YOU'RE READY OYSTERS DEAR,
WE CAN BEGIN TO FEED."



"BUT NOT ON US!" THE OYSTERS CRIED,
TURNING A LITTLE BLUE,
"AFTER SUCH KINDNESS, THAT WOULD BE
A DISMAL THING TO DO!"



"THE NIGHT IS FINE,"
THE WALRUS SAID,
"DO YOU ADMIRE THE VIEW?"

"IT WAS SO KIND OF YOU
TO COME!
AND YOU ARE VERY NICE!"
THE CARPENTER SAID
NOTHING BUT
"CUT US ANOTHER SLICE:"



I WISH YOU WERE NOT QUITE
SO DEAF--
I'VE HAD TO ASK YOU TWICE!"



"IT SEEMS A SHAME," THE WALRUS SAID,
"TO PLAY THEM SUCH A TRICK.
AFTER WE'VE BROUGHT THEM OUT SO FAR,
AND MADE THEM TROT SO QUICK!"

THE CARPENTER SAID NOTHING BUT
"THE BUTTER'S SPREAD TOO THICK!"

"I WEEP FOR YOU," THE WALRUS SAID.
"I DEEPLY SYMPATHIZE."
WITH SOBS AND TEARS HE SORTED OUT
THOSE OF THE LARGEST SIZE.

HOLDING HIS POCKET HANDKERCHIEF
BEFORE HIS STREAMING EYES.

"O OYSTERS," SAID THE CARPENTER.
"YOU'VE HAD A PLEASANT RUN!
SHALL WE BE TROTting HOME AGAIN?"
BUT ANSWER CAME THERE NONE--

AND THAT WAS SCARCELY ODD, BECAUSE
THEY'D BATEN EVERY ONE.



So the two brothers went off and fetched armfuls of things, such as bolsters, blankets, hearth-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers and coal-scuttles.

They made such a fuss, bustling about, and gave her such trouble tying strings and fastening buttons.

Said Tweedledee "Let's fight till six, and then have dinner"

IT'S GETTING VERY DARK! WHAT A THICK, BLACK CLOUD THAT IS AND HOW FAST IT COMES! WHY I DO BELIEVE IT HAS...

...WINGS!



IT'S THE CROW!



WELL I'M
SAFE HERE, IT CAN'T
GET PAST THOSE
TREES NOW.

I WISH IT
WOULDN'T FLAP ITS
WINGS SO! IT MAKES
QUITE A HURRICANE
IN THE WOOD...



WHY I...
AAAAH!



BREAD-AND-BUTTER!
BREAD-AND-BUTTER!

OH! AM I
ADDRESSING
THE WHITE
QUEEN?



WELL, YES, IF
YOU CALL THAT
A-DRESSING.

I'VE BEEN
A-DRESSING
MYSELF FOR
THE LAST TWO
HOURS!

WELL, REALLY, YOU
SHOULD HAVE
A LADY'S
MAID...



I'LL TAKE YOU
WITH PLEASURE!
TWO PENCE A WEEK,
AND JAM EVERY
OTHER DAY.

I DON'T
WANT YOU TO
HIRE ME, AND I
DON'T CARE
FOR JAM.



YOU COULDN'T HAVE JAM IF
YOU DID WANT IT! THE RULE
IS, JAM TO-MORROW AND JAM
YESTERDAY BUT NEVER
JAM TO-DAY!

IT'S JAM
EVERY OTHER DAY...
TO-DAY ISN'T ANY
OTHER DAY...



I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
YOU AT ALL!
THIS IS
DREADFULLY
CONFUSING!

THAT'S THE
EFFECT OF LIVING
BACKWARDS...IT
ALWAYS MAKES ONE
A LITTLE GIDDY
AT FIRST.







I CAN SEE THE OTHER SHELVES ARE FULL... JUST AS LONG AS THEY DON'T...



...VANISH! WELL REALLY! WHEREVER IT FLOATS OFF TO THIS TIME... I'LL FOLLOW IT! IT'LL PUZZLE IT TO GO THROUGH THE CEILING, I EXPECT!



THINGS DO FLOW ABOUT SO HERE!



ARE YOU A CHILD OR A SPINNING TOP?

YOU'LL MAKE ME GIDDY SOON IF YOU GO ON TURNING ROUND LIKE THAT!



CAN YOU ROW?

WELL, YES, A LITTLE, BUT NOT ON LAND, AND NOT WITH NEEDLES... I'D NEED...



...OARS?



FEATHER!
FEATHER
I SAY!



OH, THIS IS
NO GOOD! YOU'LL
BE CATCHING A
CRAB NEXT!



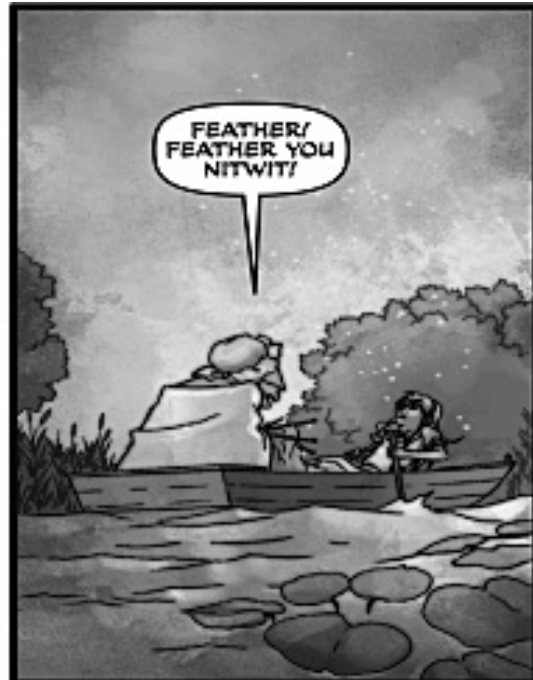
A DEAR
LITTLE CRAB!
I SHOULD
LIKE THAT...

DIDN'T
YOU HEAR
ME SAY
"FEATHER"?



INDEED I DID,
YOU'VE SAID IT
VERY OFTEN AND
VERY LOUD!

I DON'T
KNOW WHY YOU
DO SAY IT SO
OFTEN, I'M NOT
A BIRD!







Issue #4 cover by
ÉRICA AWANO



HUMPTY
DUMPTY!

IT CAN'T BE
ANYBODY ELSE! I'M
AS CERTAIN OF IT,
AS IF HIS NAME
WAS WRITTEN ALL
OVER HIS FACE!

AND
HOW EXACTLY
LIKE AN EGG
HE IS!



IT'S VERY
PROVOKING TO BE
CALLED AN EGG,
VERY!

I SAID
YOU LOOKED LIKE
AN EGG, SIR. AND
SOME EGGS ARE
VERY PRETTY. YOU
KNOW...



SOME
PEOPLE HAVE
NO MORE
SENSE THAN
A BABY!



DON'T STAND THERE GOGGLING LIKE THAT! TELL ME YOUR NAME AND YOUR BUSINESS.

MY NAME IS ALICE, BUT...

IT'S A STUPID NAME ENOUGH! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



MUST A NAME MEAN SOMETHING?

OF COURSE IT MUST!



MY NAME MEANS THE SHAPE I AM--AND A GOOD, HANDSOME SHAPE IT IS, TOO. WITH A NAME LIKE YOURS, YOU MIGHT BE ANY SHAPE, ALMOST.



WHY DO YOU SIT OUT HERE ALL ALONE?

WHY, BECAUSE THERE'S NOBODY WITH ME! DID YOU THINK I DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT? ASK ANOTHER.



DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BE SAFER DOWN ON THE GROUND? THAT WALL IS SO VERY NARROW!

WHAT EASY RIDDLES YOU ASK! WHY, IF EVER I DID FALL OFF...



"THE KING HAS PROMISED ME--AH YOU MAY TURN PALE, IF YOU LIKE! YOU DIDN'T EXPECT THAT DID YOU?"

THE KING HAS PROMISED ME, WITH HIS VERY OWN MOUTH...



"TO SEND ALL HIS HORSES AND ALL HIS MEN"

NOW I DECLARE! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN EAVESDROPPING! BUT, YES, AND THEY'D PICK ME UP AGAIN IN A MOMENT!



TAKE A LOOK AT ME! I'M ONE THAT HAS SPOKEN TO A KING, I AM.

TO SHOW YOU I'M NOT PROUD YOU MAY SHAKE HANDS WITH ME!



HOWEVER, WHERE WERE WE? I THINK IT'S YOUR TURN TO CHOOSE A SUBJECT.



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BELT YOU'VE GOT ON! AT LEAST, A BEAUTIFUL CRAVAT, I SHOULD HAVE SAID!



NO! A BELT, I MEAN--I BEG YOUR PARDON!



IT IS A--MOST-PROVOKING--THING, WHEN A PERSON DOESN'T KNOW A CRAVAT FROM A BELT!



THIS WAS A PRESENT FROM THE WHITE KING AND QUEEN THEMSELVES!

THEY GAVE IT ME FOR AN UNBIRTHDAY PRESENT.



I BEG YOUR PARDON, WHAT IS AN UNBIRTHDAY PRESENT?

A PRESENT GIVEN WHEN IT ISN'T YOUR BIRTHDAY, OF COURSE.



YOU ONLY GET ONE BIRTHDAY...

...BUT YOU HAVE THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FOUR UNBIRTHDAYS A YEAR! THERE'S GLORY FOR YOU!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY "GLORY."

WHEN I USE A WORD, IT MEANS JUST WHAT I CHOOSE IT TO MEAN, NEITHER MORE NOR LESS!

YOU SEEM VERY
CLEVER AT EXPLAINING
WORDS, SIR. WOULD YOU
KINDLY TELL ME THE MEANING
OF THE POEM CALLED
"JABBERWOCKY"?

LET'S
HEAR IT!



'TWAS BRILLIG,
AND THE SLITHY TOVES /
DID GYRE AND GIMBLE IN THE
WABE: / ALL MIMSY WERE THE
BOROGOVES. / AND THE MOME
RATHS OUTGRABE.

THAT'S
ENOUGH
TO BEGIN
WITH.



"BRILLIG" MEANS
FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE
AFTERNOON-- THE TIME
WHEN YOU BEGIN
BROILING THINGS FOR
DINNER.

"SLITHY"
MEANS "LITHE
AND SLIMY."



AND
"TOVES"?



"WELL, 'TOVES'
ARE SOMETHING LIKE
BADGERS, SOMETHING LIKE
LIZARDS, AND SOMETHING
LIKE CORKSCREWS.

"THEY MAKE
THEIR NESTS UNDER
SUN-DIALS AND THEY
LIVE ON CHEESE."



TO "GYRE"
IS TO GO ROUND
AND ROUND, LIKE
A GYROSCOPE.

TO
"GIMBLE"
IS TO MAKE
HOLES LIKE
A GIMLET.



AND
"WABE" IS THE
GRASS-PLOT
ROUND A
SUN-DIAL, I
SUPPOSE?

OF COURSE!
IT'S CALLED "WABE,"
BECAUSE IT GOES A
LONG WAY BEFORE IT,
AND A LONG WAY
BEHIND IT.

"MIMSY"
IS "FLIMSY AND
MISERABLE"—IT'S
A PORTMANTEAU
YOU SEE. JUST
LIKE "SLITHY".

"AND A 'BOROGOVE' IS A THIN, SHABBY-
LOOKING BIRD WITH ITS FEATHERS STICKING
OUT ALL ROUND—SOMETHING LIKE A LIVE MOP.

"NOW, A 'RATH' IS A SORT
OF GREEN PIG; BUT 'MOME'
I'M NOT CERTAIN ABOUT.

"I THINK IT'S SHORT
FOR 'FROM HOME'—
MEANING THAT
THEY'D LOST THEIR
WAY, YOU KNOW."

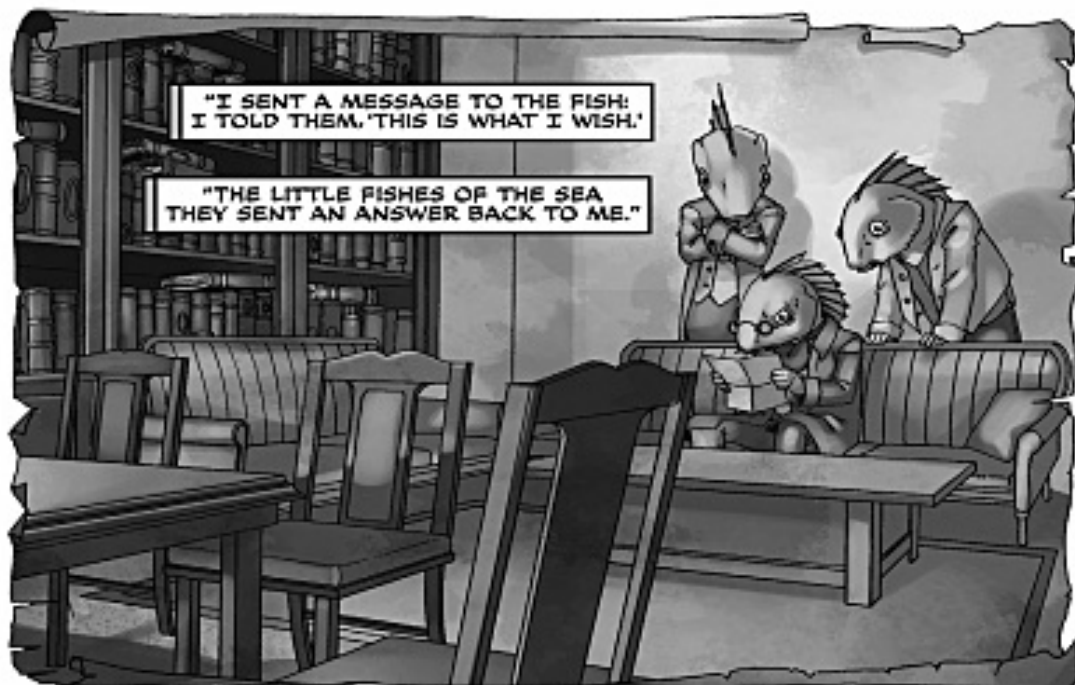
AND
WHAT DOES
"OUTGRABE"
MEAN?

"OUTGRABING"
IS SOMETHING
BETWEEN BELLOWING
AND WHISTLING, WITH
A KIND OF SNEEZE IN
THE MIDDLE.

WHO'S
BEEN REPEATING
ALL THAT HARD
STUFF TO YOU?

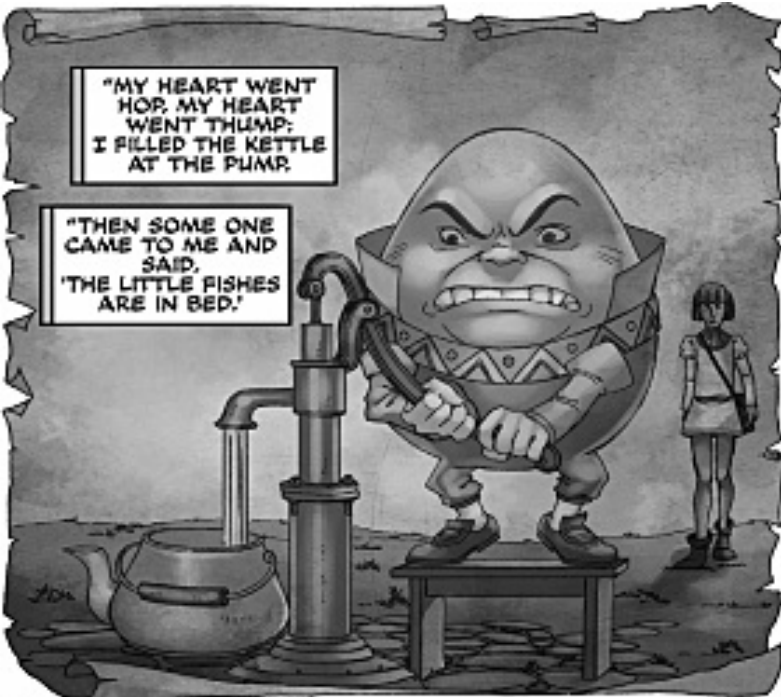
I READ IT
IN A BOOK.

BUT I DID
HAVE SOME POETRY
REPEATED TO
ME, MUCH EASIER
THAN THAT, BY ...
TWEEPLEDSE, I
THINK IT WAS...



"MY HEART WENT
HOP, MY HEART
WENT THUMP:
I FILLED THE KETTLE
AT THE PUMP.

"THEN SOME ONE
CAME TO ME AND
SAID,
'THE LITTLE FISHES
ARE IN BED.'



"I SAID TO HIM, I SAID IT PLAIN,
'THEN YOU MUST WAKE THEM UP AGAIN.'

"I SAID IT VERY LOUD AND CLEAR:
I WENT AND SHOUTED IN HIS EAR.



"BUT HE WAS
VERY STIFF AND
PROUD:
HE SAID, 'YOU
NEEDN'T SHOUT
SO LOUD!'



"AND HE WAS VERY PROUD AND STIFF:
HE SAID, 'I'D GO AND WAKE THEM, IF--'

"I TOOK A CORKSCREW FROM THE SHELF:
I WENT TO WAKE THEM UP MYSELF.

"AND WHEN I FOUND THE DOOR WAS LOCKED,
I PULLED AND PUSHED AND KICKED AND KNOCKED."



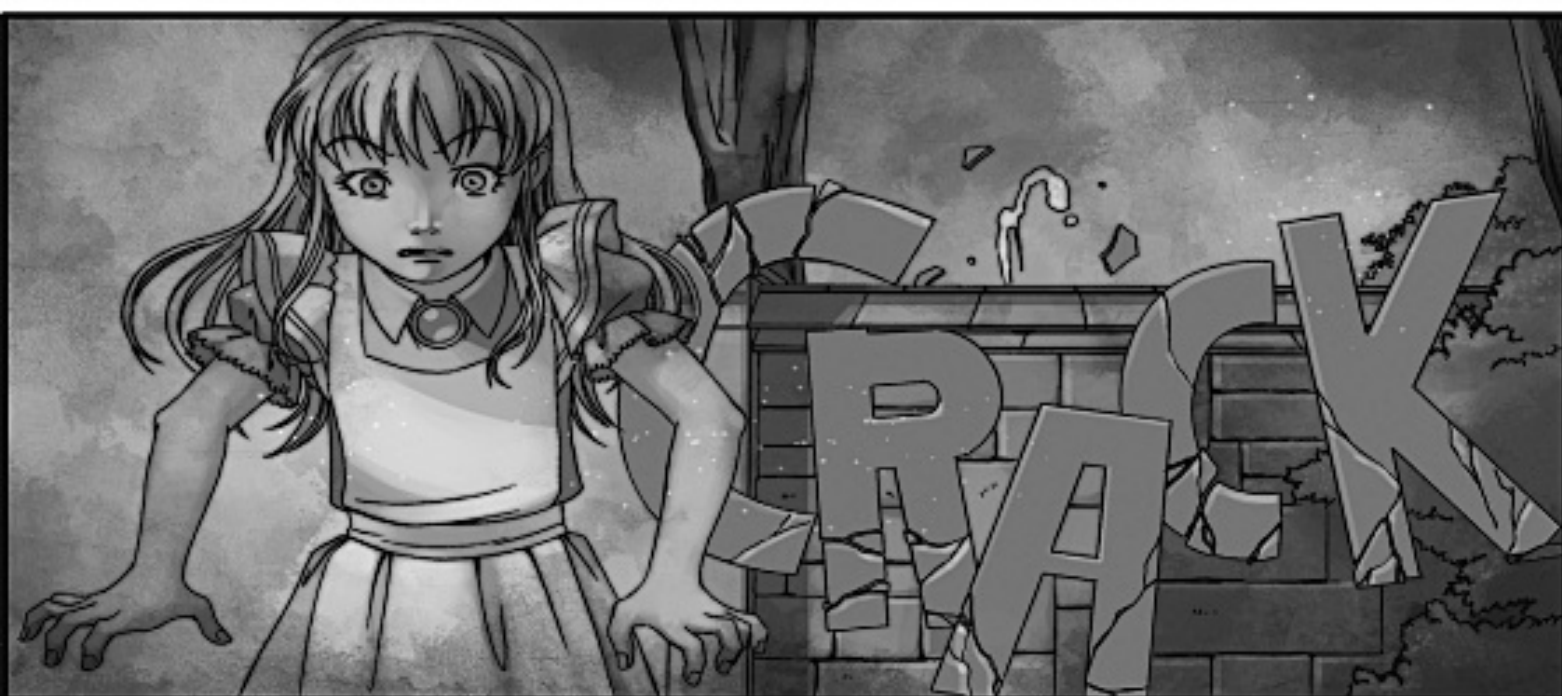
AND WHEN
I FOUND THE DOOR
WAS SHUT / I TRIED
TO TURN THE
HANDLE, BUT--

IS...
IS THAT
ALL?



THAT
IS ALL.
GOOD-BYE!





The soldiers came in such crowds that they seemed to fill the whole forest.

Alice thought that in all her life she had never seen soldiers so uncertain on their feet.



They were always tripping over something or other, and whenever one went down, several more always fell over him.

And it seemed to be a regular rule that, whenever a horse stumbled, the rider fell off instantly.



The confusion got worse every moment, and Alice was very glad to get away.









The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown:
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.

Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown:
Some gave them plum-cake and drummed them out of town.



IT'S HATTAY!
HE'S ONLY JUST
OUT OF PRISON
YOU KNOW!

HADN'T
FINISHED HIS
TEA WHEN HE
WENT IN.

HOW
ARE THEY
GETTING
ON?



TH-THEY'RE
GETTING ON VERY
WELL YOUR
MAJESTY...

EACH OF
THEM HAS BEEN
DOWN ABOUT
EIGHTY-SEVEN
TIMES.







WHAT A
FIGHT WE COULD HAVE
FOR THE CROWN
NOW, EH?

I SHOULD
WIN EASILY.

WHAT A TIME
THE MONSTER IS,
CUTTING UP
THAT CAKE!



IT'S VERY
PROVOKING! I'VE CUT
SEVERAL PIECES ALREADY,
BUT THEY ALWAYS JOIN
BACK ON!



YOU
DON'T KNOW
HOW TO HANDLE
LOOKING-GLASS
CAKES.

PASS IT
ROUND FIRST,
THEN CUT IT
UP!



OH! BUT
HOW CAN IT
POSSIBLY...



Suddenly the drums began.
Where the noise came from,
she couldn't make out.

The air seemed full of it, and it
rang through and through her
head till she felt quite deafened.



She started to her feet and
sprang across the next
little brook in her terror.





One rule seemed to be, that if one knight hit the other, he knocked him off his horse.



But, if the knight missed, he fell off his horse himself.



Another Rule of Battle seemed to be that they always landed on their heads.



And yet another seemed to be that they held their clubs with their arms, as if they were Punch and Judy



CRASH



I SUBMIT.

WELL FOUGHT SIR.



IT WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY, WASN'T IT?

I-I DON'T WANT TO BE ANYONE'S PRISONER...





YOU SEE, IT'S AS WELL TO BE PROVIDED FOR EVERYTHING. THAT'S THE REASON THE HORSE HAS ALL THOSE ANKLETS ROUND HIS FEET.



THEY GUARD AGAINST THE BITES OF SHARKS! IT'S MY OWN-- AARGH!

OH!



HEAVENS! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

NOT TO WORRY. THE MORE HEAD DOWNWARDS I AM, THE MORE I KEEP INVENTING NEW THINGS.



I THINK WE'RE ALMOST AT THE BROOK YOU KNOW!



ARE--ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALRIGHT?

NEVER BETTER. NEVER BETTER.



I SAY, YOU SEEM RATHER UPSET. LET ME SING YOU A SONG.

IS IT VERY LONG?

IT IS, BUT VERY, VERY BEAUTIFUL.

I'LL TELL THEE EVERYTHING I CAN:
THERE'S LITTLE TO RELATE.
I SAW AN AGED, AGED MAN,
A-SITTING ON A GATE.

"WHO ARE YOU, AGED MAN?" I SAID,
"AND HOW IS IT YOU LIVE?"
AND HIS ANSWER TRICKLED THROUGH
MY HEAD
LIKE WATER THROUGH A SIEVE.

HE SAID "I LOOK FOR BUTTERFLIES
THAT SLEEP AMONG THE WHEAT:
I MAKE THEM INTO MUTTON-PIES,
AND SELL THEM IN THE STREET.

I SELL THEM UNTO MEN," HE SAID,
"WHO SAIL ON STORMY SEAS:
AND THAT'S THE WAY I GET MY BREAD--
A TRIFLE, IF YOU PLEASE."

BUT I WAS THINKING OF A PLAN
TO DYE ONE'S WHISKERS GREEN,
AND ALWAYS USE SO LARGE A FAN
THAT THEY COULD NOT BE SEEN.

SO, HAVING NO REPLY TO GIVE
TO WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID,
I CRIED, "COME, TELL ME HOW YOU LIVE!"
AND THUMPED HIM ON THE HEAD.

HIS ACCENTS MILD TOOK UP THE TALE:
HE SAID, "I GO MY WAYS,
AND WHEN I FIND A MOUNTAIN-RILL,
I SET IT IN A BLAZE:

AND THENCE THEY MAKE A STUFF
THEY CALL
ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL--
YET TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY IS ALL
THEY GIVE ME FOR MY TOIL."



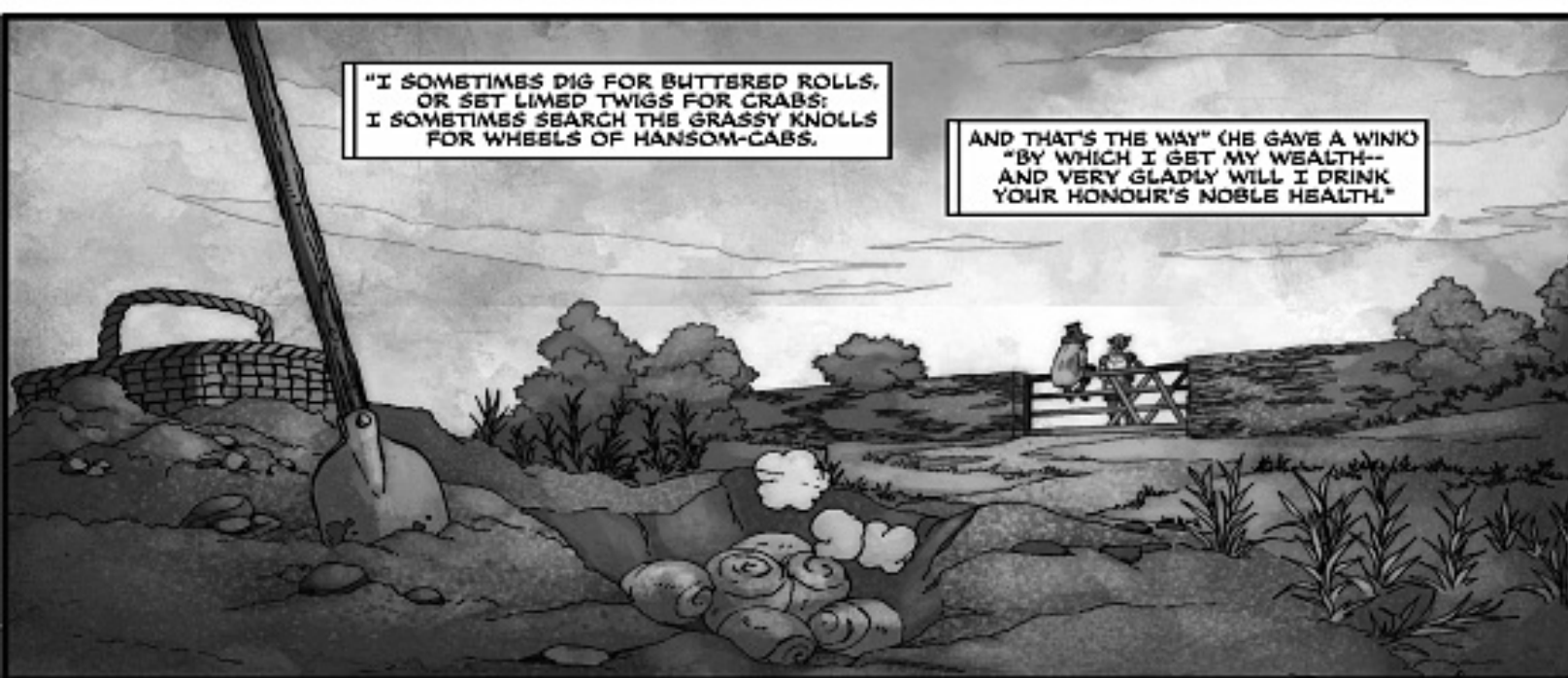
BUT I WAS THINKING OF A WAY
TO FEED ONE'S SELF ON BATTER,
AND SO GO ON FROM DAY TO DAY
GETTING A LITTLE FATTER.

I SHOOK HIM WELL FROM SIDE TO SIDE,
UNTIL HIS FACE WAS BLUE.
"COME, TELL ME HOW YOU LIVE," I CRIED,
"AND WHAT IT IS YOU DO!"



HE SAID, "I HUNT FOR HADDOCKS' EYES
AMONG THE HEATHER BRIGHT,
AND WORK THEM INTO WAISTCOAT-BUTTONS
IN THE SILENT NIGHT.

AND THESE I DO NOT SELL FOR GOLD
OR COIN OF SILVERY SHINE,
BUT FOR A COPPER HALFPENNY,
AND THAT WILL PURCHASE NINE.



"I SOMETIMES DIG FOR BUTTERED ROLLS,
OR SET LINED TWIGS FOR CRABS;
I SOMETIMES SEARCH THE GRASSY KNOLLS
FOR WHEELS OF HANSOM-CABS.

AND THAT'S THE WAY" (HE GAVE A WINK)
"BY WHICH I GET MY WEALTH--
AND VERY GLADLY WILL I DRINK
YOUR HONOUR'S NOBLE HEALTH."



I HEARD HIM THEN, FOR I HAD JUST
COMPLETED MY DESIGN
TO KEEP THE MENAI BRIDGE FROM RUST
BY BOILING IT IN WINE.

I THANKED HIM MUCH FOR TELLING ME
THE WAY HE GOT HIS WEALTH,
BUT CHIEFLY FOR HIS WISH THAT HE
MIGHT DRINK MY NOBLE HEALTH.



AND NOW, IF E'ER BY CHANCE I PUT
MY FINGERS INTO GLUE,
OR MADLY SQUEEZE A RIGHT-HAND FOOT
INTO A LEFT-HAND SHOE,

OR IF I DROP UPON MY TOE
A VERY HEAVY WEIGHT,
I WEEP, FOR IT REMINDS ME SO
OF THAT OLD MAN I USED TO KNOW--

WHOSE LOOK WAS
MILD, WHOSE SPEECH WAS
SLOW, / WHOSE HAIR WAS WHITER
THAN THE SNOW, / WHOSE FACE
WAS VERY LIKE A CROW, / WITH
EYES, LIKE CINDERS, ALL
AGLOW.

WHO SEEMED
DISTRACTED WITH HIS
WOE, / WHO ROCKED HIS BODY
TO AND FRO, / AND MUTTERED
MUMBLY AND LOW, / AS
IF HIS MOUTH WERE FULL
OF DOUGH.

WHO
SNORTED LIKE A
BUFFALO— / THAT
SUMMER EVENING
LONG AGO, /
A-SITTING ON
A GATE.



YOU'VE ONLY A FEW YARDS
TO GO, AND THEN YOU'LL BE A
QUEEN! BUT YOU'LL STAY AND
SEE ME OFF FIRST?

OF COURSE
I'LL WAIT, AND
THANK YOU VERY
MUCH FOR COMING
SO FAR--AND FOR
THE SONG--I LIKED
IT VERY MUCH.

I HOPE SO,
BUT YOU DIDN'T
CRY SO MUCH
AS I THOUGHT
YOU WOULD.



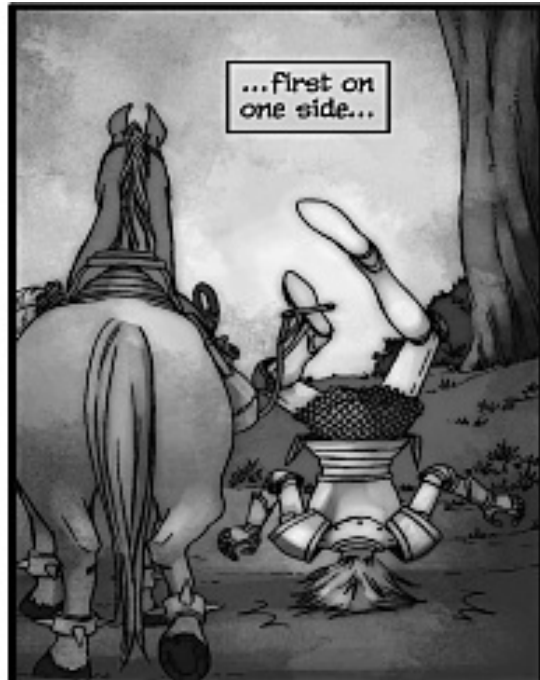
WAAAGH



So Alice stood and watched the horse walking leisurely along the road, the Knight tumbling off...



...first on one side...



...and then on the other.



After the fourth or fifth tumble the White Knight finally reached the turn.



Alice waved her handkerchief and waited until he was out of sight.



AND NOW FOR THE LAST BROOK, AND TO BE A QUEE—



SIGH



SOMEONE SOUNDS UNHAPPY...

HE SOUNDS *VERY* UNHAPPY! I DON'T *THINK* I CAN BE OF ANY USE TO HIM, BUT I'LL JUST ASK HIM WHAT'S THE MATTER.

IF I ONCE JUMP OVER, EVERYTHING WILL CHANGE, AND THEN I CAN'T HELP HIM.

OH, MY OLD BONES, MY OLD BONES!

IT'S RHEUMATISM. I SHOULD THINK I SHOULD HOPE YOU'RE NOT IN MUCH PAIN?

AREN'T YOU RATHER COLD HERE?

HOW YOU GO ON! WORRITY, WORRITY!

THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A CHILD!



WON'T YOU LET ME HELP YOU ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE? YOU'LL BE OUT OF THE COLD WIND THERE.



THERE! NOW ISN'T THIS A GREAT DEAL NICER?



WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO READ YOU A BIT OF THIS?

YOU MAY READ IT IF YOU'VE A MIND TO. NOBODY'S HINDERING YOU THAT I KNOW OF.



"LATEST NEWS. THE EXPLORING PARTY HAVE MADE ANOTHER TOUR IN THE PANTRY, AND HAVE FOUND FIVE NEW LUMPS OF WHITE SUGAR, LARGE AND IN FINE CONDITION.



"I'M COMING BACK...

ANY BROWN SUGAR?



NO. IT SAYS NOTHING ABOUT BROWN. IT DOES SAY THEY FOUND A LAKE OF TREACLE WHICH...

NO BROWN SUGAR! A NICE EXPLORING PARTY!



I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT WELL. CAN'T I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?

IT'S ALL ALONG OF THE WIG!

YOU'D BE CROSS TOO, IF YOU'D A WIG LIKE MINE! THEY JOKES AT ONE, AND THEY WORRITS ONE.

AND THEN I GETS A YELLOW HANDKERCHIEF AND I TIES UP MY FACE, AS AT THE PRESENT!



AND THEN I GETS UNDER A TREE AND I GETS COLD, ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THIS WIG.



OH, IT'S NOT SO VERY BAD. YOU COULD MAKE IT MUCH NEATER IF ONLY YOU HAD A COMB...



COMB? A BEE ARE YOU? EHT HAVE MUCH HONEY?

NO! IT...IT ISN'T *THAT* KIND. IT'S TO COMB YOUR HAIR WITH...YOUR WIG'S SO *VERY* ROUGH YOU KNOW...



I'LL TELL YOU HOW I CAME TO WEAR IT: WHEN I WAS YOUNG MY RINGLET'S USED TO WAVE...



WOULD YOU MIND SAYING IT IN RHYME?

IT AINT WHAT I'M USED TO, HOWEVER I'LL TRY; WAIT A BIT.



WHEN I WAS YOUNG, MY
RINGLETS WAVED
AND CURLED AND CRINKLED
ON MY HEAD:



AND THEN THEY SAID "YOU SHOULD BE SHAVED,
AND WEAR A YELLOW WIG INSTEAD."

BUT WHEN I FOLLOWED THEIR ADVICE,
AND THEY HAD NOTICED THE EFFECT,



THEY SAID I DID NOT LOOK SO NICE
AS THEY HAD VENTURED TO EXPECT.

THEY SAID IT DID NOT FIT, AND SO
IT MADE ME LOOK EXTREMELY PLAIN:



BUT WHAT WAS I TO DO, YOU KNOW?
MY RINGLETS WOULD NOT GROW AGAIN!

SO NOW THAT I AM OLD AND GREY,
AND ALL MY HAIR IS NEARLY GONE,



THEY TAKE MY WIG FROM ME AND SAY
"HOW CAN YOU PUT SUCH RUBBISH ON?"

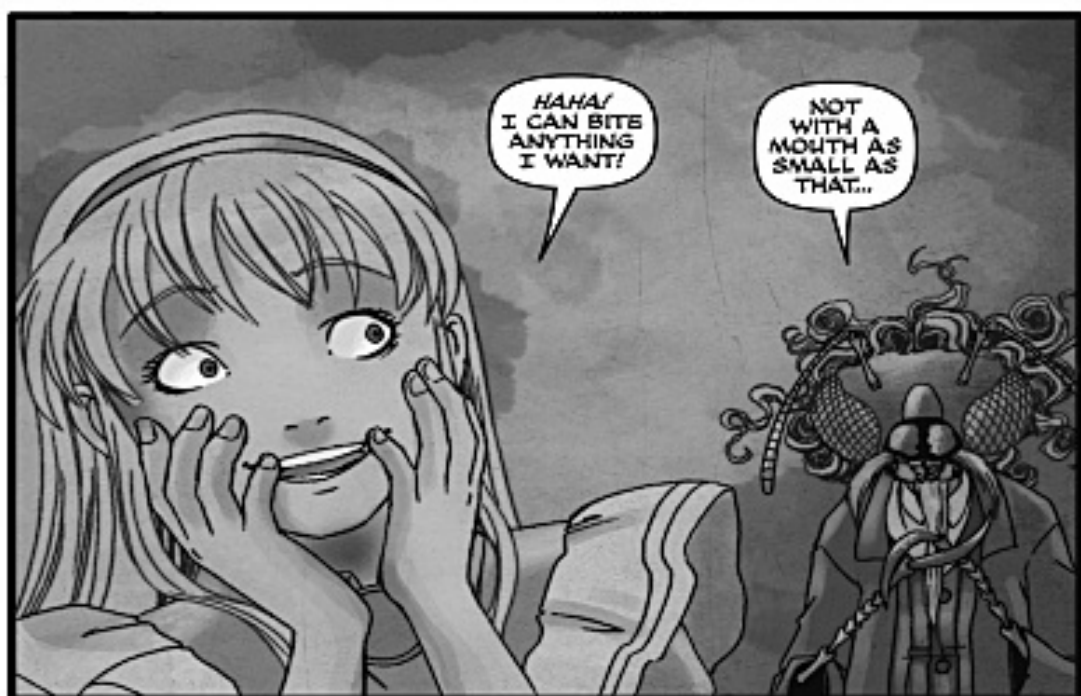
AND STILL
WHENEVER I
APPEAR,
THEY HOOT AT
ME AND CALL
ME "PIG!"



AND THAT IS WHY THEY DO IT, DEAR,
BECAUSE I WEAR A YELLOW WIG.

PSIGH!













WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE: "WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF LIGHTNING?"

THE CAUSE OF LIGHTNING...IS THE THUNDER! NO-NO! I MEANT THE OTHER WAY!



IT'S TOO LATE TO CORRECT IT!

WHEN YOU'VE ONCE SAID A THING, THAT FIXES IT, AND YOU MUST TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES!



WHICH REMINDS ME...WE HAD *SUCH* A THUNDER-STORM LAST TUESDAY...



"PART OF THE ROOF CAME OFF, AND EVER SO MUCH THUNDER GOT IN.

"IT WENT ROLLING ROUND IN GREAT LUMPS AND KNOCKING OVER THE TABLES...I WAS SO FRIGHTENED I COULDN'T REMEMBER MY OWN NAME!"



YOUR MAJESTY MUST EXCUSE HER. SHE MEANS WELL BUT SHE CAN'T HELP SAYING FOOLISH THINGS AS A GENERAL RULE.

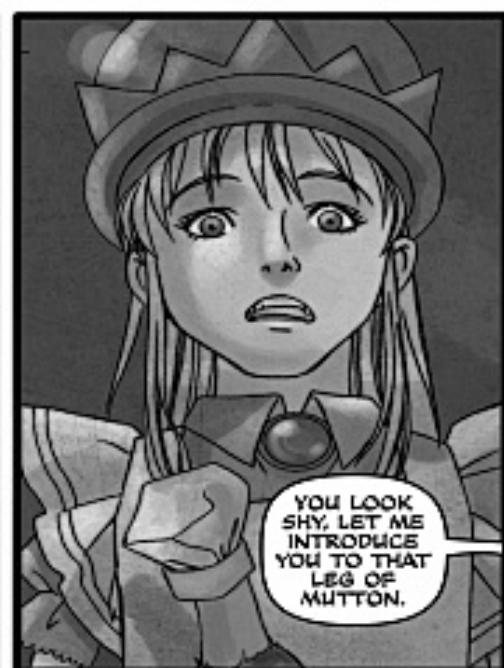


OH I AM SLEEPY...

SHE NEVER WAS REALLY WELL BROUGHT UP, BUT A LITTLE KINDNESS AND PUTTING HER HAIR IN PAPERS WOULD DO WONDERS WITH HER!

SING HER A SOOTHING LULLABY!

I DON'T KNOW ANY...





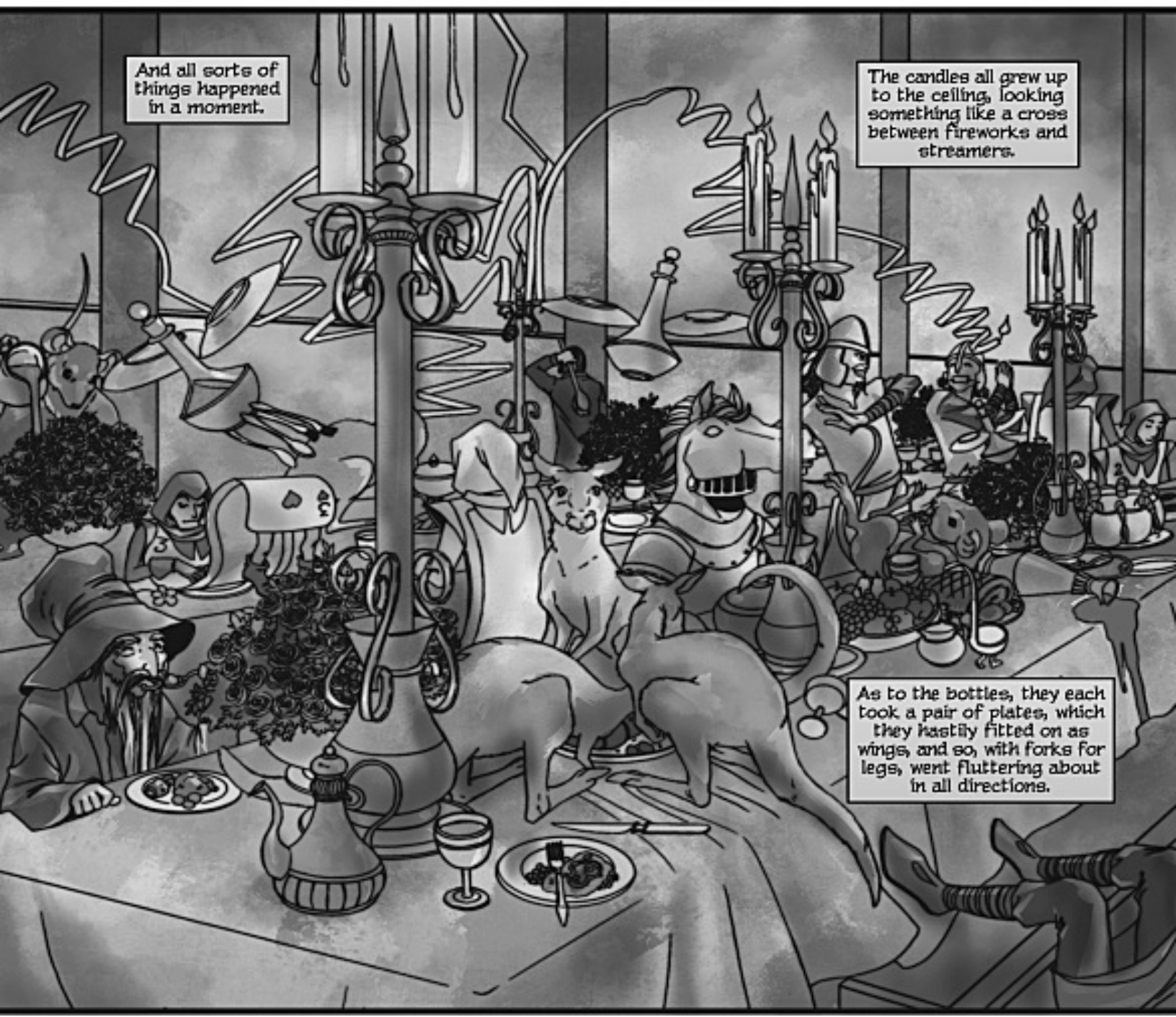


QUEEN
ALICE'S
HEALTH!



TAKE
CARE OF
YOURSELF!
SOMETHING'S
GOING TO
HAPPEN!

YOU OUGHT
TO RETURN
THANKS IN A
NEAT SPEECH.



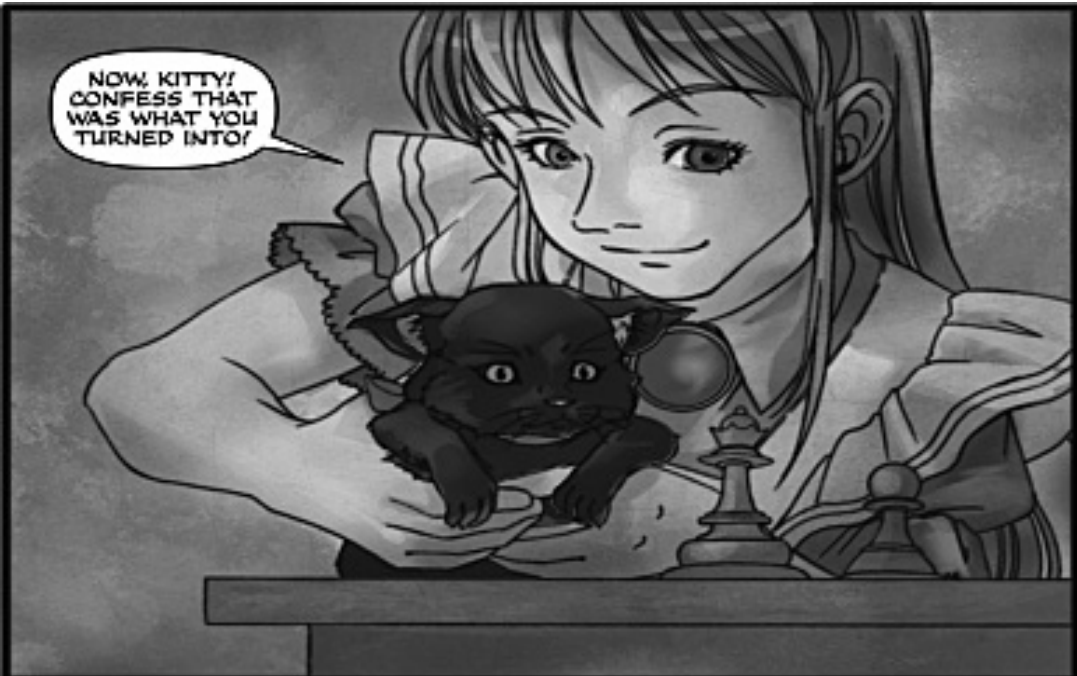
And all sorts of
things happened
in a moment.

The candles all grew up
to the ceiling, looking
something like a cross
between fireworks and
streamers.

As to the bottles, they each
took a pair of plates, which
they hastily fitted on as
wings, and so, with forks for
legs, went fluttering about
in all directions.







NOW, KITTY!
CONFESS THAT
WAS WHAT YOU
TURNED INTO!



SIT UP A LITTLE
MORE STIFFLY, DEAR!
AND CURTSEY WHILE
YOU'RE THINKING. IT
SAVES TIME,
REMEMBER!



SNOWDROP,
MY PET! WHEN
WILL DINAH HAVE
FINISHED WITH
YOUR WHITE
MAJESTY?



THAT MUST
BE WHY YOU
WERE SO UNTIDY
IN MY DREAM!

DINAH! DO YOU KNOW
THAT YOU'RE SCRUBBING A
WHITE QUEEN? REALLY, IT'S MOST
DISRESPECTFUL OF YOU!



AND WHAT
DID DINAH TURN TO,
I WONDER? WERE YOU
HUMPTY DUMPTY, DO
YOU THINK?

AND,
OF COURSE, WE
MUST CONSIDER
WHO IT WAS
THAT DREAMED
IT ALL.

THIS IS A SERIOUS QUESTION, MY DEAR, AND YOU SHOULD NOT GO ON WASHING SNOWDROP LIKE THAT!



YOU SEE, KITTY, IT MUST HAVE BEEN EITHER ME, OR THE RED KING.

WAS HE A PART OF MY DREAM? WAS I A PART OF HIS DREAM? WHAT DO YOU THINK?



WAS IT THE RED KING, KITTY? YOU WERE HIS WIFE MY DEAR, SO YOU OUGHT TO KNOW...



OH, KITTY, DO HELP ME SETTLE IT! I'M SURE YOUR PAW CAN WAIT!



But the provoking kitten only began on the other paw, and pretended it hadn't heard the question.



Which do YOU think it was?



Bonus Materials

- Page 168 • The Poetry of Wonderland
Select poems by Lewis Carroll
"All in the Golden Afternoon"
"She's All My Fancy Painted Him"
"A Child of Pure Unclouded Brow"
"A Boat, Beneath a Sunny Sky"
- Page 170 • Wither and Why this Wig Wearing Wasp?
Bringing back Lewis Carroll's lost chapter by
Leah Moore and John Reppion
- Page 171 • "The Wasp In The Wig"
Lewis Carroll's lost chapter from
"Through The Looking Glass"
- Page 174 • Creating Wonderland
A look into the process of adapting a classic
from script to completed page
- Page 182 • The Workings of Wonderland
An interview with writers John Reppion and
Leah Moore by Brian Hofacker of Dynamic Forces



The Poetry of Wonderland

"All in the Golden Afternoon"

All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide;
For both our oars, with little skill,
By little hands are plied
While little hands make vain pretence
Our wanderings to guide

Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather!
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together?

Imperious Prima flashes forth
Her edict to 'begin it'-
In gentler tone Secunda hopes
'There will be nonsense in it' -
While Tertia interrupts the tale
Not more than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast -
And half believe it true.

And ever, as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
'The rest next time' - 'It is next time!'
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland
Thus slowly, one by one,
Its quaint events were hammered out -
and now the tale is done,
And home we steer, a merry crew,
Beneath the setting sun.

Alice! a childish story take,
And with a gentle hand
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined
In Memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers
Plucked in far-off land

"She's All My Fancy Painted Him"

She's all my fancy painted him
(I make no idle boast);
If he or you had lost a limb,
Which would have suffered most?

He said that you had been to her,
And seen me here before;
But, in another character,
She was the same of yore.

There was not one that spoke to us,
Of all that thronged the street:
So he sadly got into a 'bus,
And pattered with his feet.

They sent him word I had not gone
(We know it to be true);
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

They gave her one, the gave me two,
They gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

It seemed to me that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle, that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me.

"Child of the Pure Unclouded Brow"

Child of the pure, unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.

I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter;
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life's hereafter -
Enough that now thou wilt not fail
To listen to my fairy-tale.

A tale begun in other days,
When summer suns were glowing -
A simple chime, that served to time
The rhythm of our rowing -
Whose echoes live in memory yet,
Though envious years would say 'forget.'

Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread,
With bitter tidings laden,
Shall summon to unwelcome bed
A melancholy maiden!
We are but older children, dear,
Who fret to find our bedtime near.

Without, the frost, the blinding snow,
The storm-wind's moody madness -
Within, the firelight's ruddy glow,
And childhood's nest of gladness.
The magic words shall hold thee fast:
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.

And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For 'happy summer days' gone by,
And vanish'd summer glory -
It shall not touch with breath of bale
The pleasure of our fairy-tale.

"A Boat Beneath A Sunny Sky"

A boat beneath a sunny sky,
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July -

Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear -

Long had faded that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die.
Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near.

In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:

Ever drifting down the stream -
Lingering in the golden gleam -
Life, what is it but a dream?



Whither and Why this Wig Wearing Wasp?

When we set out to adapt "Through the Looking Glass" we knew it was going to be really different to "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" because the first book contains many of the more well known characters and stories. "Through the Looking Glass" is a little bit darker and stranger, and has some quite lengthy poems in it which make it more of a challenge to adapt.

What we weren't at first aware of was that there is an even less well known chapter, a missing piece of Carroll's text which had been lost for over a hundred years. The chapter was called "A Wasp in a Wig" and was only discovered again in 1974, when some galley proofs came up in a manuscript sale at Sotheby's auction house, London. The author of "The Annotated Alice", Martin Gardner, wrote to the anonymous owner of the proofs, and the owner very generously sent him a copy.

The missing chapter is certainly not one of the most spectacular scenes in terms of action, but it does have that darkness and oddness we find in the rest of Looking-Glass. Alice meets an old wasp under a tree, who wears a yellow wig, and they chat. That's about it really. So why was it excised from the book? There is a straightforward answer, which is that the illustrator of Carroll's Alice stories, Sir John Tenniel, suggested it be cut. Tenniel is the man responsible for creating the look of all the wonderful characters, a look which has changed very little over the years, despite the numerous different adaptations. Even Tim Burton's recent movie interpretation acknowledges Tenniel's illustrations in its design. So why did Tenniel object to the chapter? Martin Gardner's "The Annotated Alice" has the note from Tenniel to Carroll:

"My Dear Dodgson:

Don't think me brutal, but I am bound to say that the 'wasp' chapter does not interest me in the least, and I can't see my way to a picture. If you want to shorten the book, I can't help thinking - with all submission - that *this* is your opportunity.

In an agony of haste,

Yours sincerely,

J. Tenniel"

It seems so strange that a whole chapter be cut from this classic work of fiction simply because the illustrator cannot think of a way to draw it. It seems especially odd to us as comic writers, who frequently ask artists to draw the impossible. Where would the industry be if artists just suggested difficult scenes be cut out completely? (Hopefully this won't give any of them that idea!)

There is a theory that Tenniel took offence at the part where the wasp says "one eye would do as well as two" because Tenniel himself only had one eye. There is also another theory that Tenniel was pushed for time, having a pressing deadline for some Punch illustrations (Which also rings true to a comic writer!). Whichever it was, Carroll obviously respected his opinion enough to cut the chapter, and until now, it has remained cut.

We have re-introduced "The Wasp in a Wig" into the story, just after the chapter with "It's My Own Invention," the White Knight's chapter. We did this partly because it is always nice to see things how the author originally intended them, so it's kind of 'directors cut', and partly because we want Erica Awano to get one up on Mr Tenniel, and show everyone how drawing a wasp in a wig is done! Joking aside, Erica has risen to the challenge and the scene is at once funny and surreal and unsettling, which is all we could ask for.

We could not have adapted the missing chapter (or indeed either book) without the invaluable resources at <http://www.alice-in-wonderland.net/> or "The Annotated Alice" by Martin Gardner. Both are highly recommended to all fans of Carroll's Alice stories.

Moore & Reppion, 2010



The Wasp in the Wig

Lewis Carroll's "Lost Chapter" from "Through the Looking Glass"

...and she was just going to spring over, when she heard a deep sigh, which seemed to come from the wood behind her.

"There's somebody very unhappy there," she thought, looking anxiously back to see what was the matter. Something like a very old man (only that his face was more like a wasp) was sitting on the ground, leaning against a tree, all huddled up together, and shivering as if he were very cold.

"I don't think I can be of any use to him," was Alice's first thought, as she turned to spring over the brook: - "but I'll just ask him what's the matter," she added, checking herself on the very edge. "If I once jump over, everything will change, and then I can't help him."

So she went back to the Wasp - rather unwillingly, for she was very anxious to be a queen.

"Oh, my old bones, my old bones!" he was grumbling as Alice came up to him.

"It's rheumatism, I should think," Alice said to herself, and she stooped over him, and said very kindly, "I hope you're not in much pain?"

The Wasp only shook his shoulders, and turned his head away. "Ah deary me!" he said to himself.

"Can I do anything for you?" Alice went on. "Aren't you rather cold here?"

"How you go on!" the Wasp said in a peevish tone. "Worryity, Worryity! There never was such a child!"

Alice felt rather offended at this answer, and was very nearly walking on and leaving him, but she thought to herself "Perhaps it's only pain that makes him so cross." So she tried once more.

"Won't you let me help you round to the other side? You'll be out of the cold wind there."

The Wasp took her arm, and let her help him round the tree, but when he got settled down again he only said, as before, "Worryity, worryity! Can't you leave a body alone?"

"Would you like me to read you a bit of this?" Alice went on, as she picked up a newspaper which had been lying at his feet.

"You may read it if you've a mind to," the Wasp said, rather sulkily. "Nobody's hindering you, that I know of."

So Alice sat down by him, and spread out the paper on her knees, and began. "Latest News. The Exploring Party have made another tour in the Pantry, and have found five new lumps of white sugar, large and in fine condition. In coming back -"

"Any brown sugar?" the Wasp interrupted.

Alice hastily ran her eyes down the paper and said "No. It says nothing about brown."

"No brown sugar!" grumbled the Wasp. "A nice exploring party!"

"In coming back," Alice went on reading, "they found a lake of treacle. The banks of the lake were blue and white, and looked like china. While tasting the treacle, they had a sad accident: two of their party were engulfed -"

"Where what?" the Wasp asked in a very cross voice.

"En-gulph-ed," Alice repeated, dividing the word in syllables.

"There's no such word in the language!" said the Wasp.

"It's in the newspaper, though," Alice said a little timidly.

"Let's stop it here!" said the Wasp, fretfully turning away his head.

Alice put down the newspaper. "I'm afraid you're not well," she said in a soothing tone. "Can't I do anything for you?"

"It's all along of the wig," the Wasp said in a much gentler voice.

"Along of the wig?" Alice repeated, quite pleased to find that he was recovering his temper.

"You'd be cross too, if you'd a wig like mine," the Wasp went on. "They jokes, at one. And they wor-rits one. And then I gets cross. And I gets cold. And I gets under a tree. And I gets a yellow handkerchief. And I ties up my face - as at the present."

Alice looked pityingly at him. "Tying up the face is very good for the toothache," she said.

"And it's very good for the conceit," added the Wasp.

Alice didn't catch the word exactly. "Is that a kind of toothache?" she asked.

The Wasp considered a little. "Well, no," he said: "it's when you hold up your head - so - without bending your neck."

"Oh, you mean stiff-neck," said Alice.

The Wasp said "That's a new-fangled name. They called it conceit in my time."

"Conceit isn't a disease at all," Alice remarked.

"It is, though," said the Wasp: "wait till you have it, and then you'll know. And when you catches it, just try tying a yellow handkerchief round your face. It'll cure you in no time!"

He untied the handkerchief as he spoke, and Alice looked at his wig in great surprise. It was bright yellow like the handkerchief, and all tangled and tumbled about like a heap of sea-weed. "You could make your wig much neater," she said, "if only you had a comb."

"What, you're a Bee, are you?" the Wasp said, looking at her with more interest. "And you've got a comb. Much honey?"

"It isn't that kind," Alice hastily explained. "It's to comb hair with - your wig's so very rough, you know."

"I'll tell you how I came to wear it," the Wasp said. "When I was young, you know, my ringlets used to wave -"

A curious idea came into Alice's head. Almost every one she had met had repeated poetry to her, and she thought she would try if the Wasp couldn't do it too. "Would you mind saying it in rhyme?" she asked very politely.

"It aint what I'm used to," said the Wasp: "however I'll try; wait a bit." He was silent for a few moments, and then began again -

"When I was young, my ringlets waved
And curled and crinkled on my head:
And then they said 'You should be shaved,
And wear a yellow wig instead.'

But when I followed their advice,
And they had noticed the effect,
They said I did not look so nice
As they had ventured to expect.

They said it did not fit, and so
It made me look extremely plain:
But what was I to do, you know?
My ringlets would not grow again.

So now that I am old and grey,
And all my hair is nearly gone,
They take my wig from me and say
'How can you put such rubbish on?'

And still, whenever I appear,
They hoot at me and call me 'Pig!'
And that is why they do it, dear,
Because I wear a yellow wig."

"I'm very sorry for you," Alice said heartily: "and I think if your wig fitted a little better, they wouldn't tease you quite so much."

"Your wig fits very well," the Wasp murmured, looking at her with an expression of admiration: "it's the shape of your head as does it. Your jaws aint well shaped, though - I should think you couldn't bite well!"

Alice began with a little scream of laughing, which she turned into a cough as well as she could. At last she managed to say gravely, "I can bite anything I want,"

"Not with a mouth as small as that," the Wasp persisted. "If you was a-fighting, now - could you get hold of the other one by the back of the neck?"

"I'm afraid not," said Alice.

"Well, that's because your jaws are too short," the Wasp went on: "but the top of your head is nice and round." He took off his own wig as he spoke, and stretched out one claw towards Alice, as if he wished to do the same for her, but she kept out of reach, and would not take the hint. So he went on with his criticisms.

"Then, your eyes - they're too much in front, no doubt. One would have done as well as two, if you must have them so close -"

Alice did not like having so many personal remarks made on her, and as the Wasp had quite recovered his spirits, and was getting very talkative, she thought she might safely leave him. "I think I must be going on now," she said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and thankye," said the Wasp, and Alice tripped down the hill again, quite pleased that she had gone back and given a few minutes to making the poor old creature comfortable.



Creating Wonderland

THE COMPLETE ALICE IN WONDERLAND • Issue One, Page Two.

Script by Leah Moore and John Reppion

This is a three panel page with one wide letterbox type panel across the top of the page and then two tall panels under it. We have tried to open the layouts up as much as we can where we have the room, just so the backgrounds become a real feature of the story. We love how you handled the interior of the house on the tryout pages so we want to give you plenty of room to show off!

Panel One.

This is a wide panel with Alice crawling along the rabbit hole towards us. We can see the round bright shape of the rabbit hole entrance in the left background, and the rabbits backside going out of shot to the right in the right foreground. Between the rabbit hole entrance and the rabbit, the centre midground we have Alice crawling along on her hands and knees as she follows the rabbit. Roots hang down and brush against her face, and little bugs and beetles hurry out of her way as she passes by. She doesn't look remotely scared. One caption from the narrator.

Cap: The rabbit hole went along like a tunnel, and then dipped suddenly down, so Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself.

Panel Two.

This is a tall shot with Alice falling into shot at the top of the panel. She keeps falling for the next four panels, and we imagine that instead of her skirt inflating like the Disney film, that she should slowly tumble head over heels over the course of the four panels. We thought this would look like she was actually falling rather than floating, and it would enable her to reach out for objects at different angles making the panels more interesting to draw and read. In this shot she is just falling into shot, so maybe we can only see two thirds of her, with her feet still being up out of sight off panel top. She is reaching out to take a jar labelled "Marmalade" off a shelf she is falling past. The rest of the panel is a dark vertical tunnel, which has items of furniture randomly placed here and there on the walls. We had the idea that the items on these panels could prefigure the rest of the story, and kind of resemble things Alice might have herself at home (I think we stole this from the David Bowie film *Labyrinth* by the way). The walls are dotted with roll top desks, and little glass fronted cupboards and bookcases, it has tall grandfather clocks and rocking chairs. The shelves and cupboards have all kinds of things on them (apart from the marmalade Alice grabs) including a teapot, a cup and saucer, a top hat, a little toy rabbit with buttons for eyes, some playing cards, chess pieces, a nursery rhyme book, open at Humpty Dumpty, to name just a few. You don't have to fit them all in, but it would be cool if there were things to spot in each panel, and if those items were ones that cropped up again in the rest of the book. Some (like humpty dumpty) don't happen until issue 3 or 4 but that will be a nice thing to realise when you re-read it for the second time. One little thing we also thought of was that in each of the four falling panels there should be a framed picture somewhere of the Cheshire cat. They don't have to be in the same frame, or in the same place in the panel even. In the picture in Page Two Panel Two, it's the whole cat, in Page Two Panel Three, it is vanishing away, so we can see through part of it, in Page Three Panel One it's just the head that's left, and on Page Three panel Two it's just the smile. There are two captions from the narrator and one balloon from Alice.

Cap: She found herself falling down what seemed to be a deep well.

Cap: Either the well was very deep or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her.

Panel Three.

This is another tall panel, but Alice is further down the panel now. All the objects and pieces of furniture are different now, so we have an overstuffed armchair, a cuckoo clock, a candelabra, and other items dotted here and there. Maybe there's a framed print of a Gryphon or a copy of *The Jabberwocky* on a bookshelf. Alice is opening the jar of marmalade as she falls, peering into it to see if there is any actual marmalade inside. Her feet stick out towards the left now, her body turning as she falls. There are two balloons from Alice.

Alice: Well! After such a fall as this I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs! How brave they'll all think me at home!

Alice: Why, I shouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!





Left: Érica Awano's finished line art for page 2 of this issue
 Top right: Érica Awano's rough layout for page 2 of this issue
 Bottom right: PC Siqueira's final colors for page 2 of this issue

Notes for the art and colors by Leah and John

Firstly I'd like to say Hello Érica! We are really glad to have you working with us on this project, the samples you did look fantastic, and it will really help us with the scripting knowing the art is in a safe pair of hands! If you need any further reference or inspiration then the original illustrations by John Tenniel are fantastic. The character faces are so weird and unsettling, and the whole vibe is that little bit darker than the Disney Alice we all know and love. The other person I had floating about in my head was Arthur Rackham although his style is obviously more scratchy and busy, where yours is really clean. I just liked the darkness of his drawings, especially the nursery rhymes, and fairy stories, there's a sense of menace there. Obviously quite a lot of Alice's adventures are not at all menacing, but there are parts where things become a bit strange, so maybe bear Rackham in mind for those bits?

For the colorist (these notes were made before PC Siqueira was selected for the project): We would love it if the colouring on this book was very old fashioned looking. The watercolour illustrations you can find in some editions of the book have really nice washed out pastel palettes to them, or maybe like the hand tinted Victorian photographs? I think because we have no time of day (Alice jumps about in space and time so much there's no sunset or night time really, so the light source is usually just a bright sunny day) and because Érica's style is so lovely and clean, we could get away with doing quite simple colouring and shading. I think watercolour is the best way to describe it.

THE COMPLETE ALICE IN WONDERLAND • Issue Two, Page One.
Script by Leah Moore and John Reppion

This is a two panel page with one big two thirds splash panel at the top and one wide letterbox panel underneath that.

Panel One.

This is the reveal of the Mad Hatter's tea-party. It's a lovely shot, and I think there is only one small caption, so we can let your artwork do all the talking. The tea-party is round the back of the house in our version so we didn't have to reveal it at the end of last issue, and could save it for this one. The back of the house is also a beautiful and surreal garden, with big apple trees overhanging, and lots of strange containers full of masses of flowers. The back of the house still has the weird furry thatched roof on it which makes the house resemble the March hare himself. The windows of the cottage are set into the thatch slightly so they are like eyes peering out from under the fur. The house is the backdrop, and on the left we have a great big tree overhanging the scene, and sending dappled sunlight and shade across the tea-party. The midground is taken up by a really long table, which actually continues off out of shot to the right. The tea table is surrounded by chairs of all kinds, including a big leather armchair at end of the table on the left of the shot. Three of the chairs are occupied, facing us at the left end of the table. Next to the big armchair we can see the March Hare drinking from a tiny delicate tea cup, and presumably speaking to his dinner companions. The March hare is always shown as a kind of scruffy figure, with straw sticking out of his hair, and a shabby old coat on. He's much taller and skinnier than the White Rabbit, and has that frightening weirdness that so many of the characters possess. Next to the March Hare is the Dormouse who is asleep, his nose almost resting on the table in front of him. The Dormouse usually has some kind of little coat on, and I almost pictured him wearing a little fez for some reason, like a sleepy old professor. Next to the Dormouse is the Mad Hatter, who for some reason is like Iggy Pop or Bob Dylan in my mind. A gaunt old dude with twinkling eyes and long fingers. He of course has his famous hat on, with the little card that reads "In this style 10/6" tucked into the hat band. He is wearing an outrageous outfit which I will leave to you to design, as it's bound to be fun. The rest of the chairs are empty, although there is a place set for each chair at the table. There is a cup and saucer at each place, and I would love it if these were all different styles and colours of cups and saucers. There are tea plates at each place, and of course teapots full of tea here and there long the centre of the table. There are plates of bread and butter and pots of jam, and little stands of cupcakes. In the left foreground we can see Alice as she walks into shot and towards the strange party. I think she could be full figure, but see how the composition looks to you. One caption from the narrator.

Cap: There was a table set out in the garden, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it.

Panel Two.

This is a shot from behind the three characters at the table, looking over to where Alice is approaching the table in the right midground. From this angle the Hatter is on the left, and the Hare is on the right, with the Dormouse still in the middle asleep. From this angle we can see the table and all the cups and saucers as the characters pour themselves tea, spill the milk, help themselves to bread, and generally cause chaos. Alice looks a bit annoyed as she approaches. The Mad hatter and the Hare share one balloon and Alice has one balloon.

Mad Hatter and March Hare: No room! No room!

Alice: There's plenty of room!

Notes to Érica from Leah and John

Hi Erica, hope the first issue hasn't been too hard, and that you are all settled in to the book now. It always takes us a while to get into our stride on a book, and I imagine that's even truer for artists, so let's have some fun with the second one. now we're all relaxed. We LOVE the layouts and pencils we've seen so far!



Right: Erica Awano's finished line art for page 1 of this issue
 Top left: Erica Awano's rough layout for page 1 of this issue
 Bottom left: PC Siqueira's final colors for page 1 of this issue



THE COMPLETE ALICE IN WONDERLAND • Issue Three, Page Thirty-Six.
Script by Leah Moore and John Reppion

This is a five panel page with one wide panel across the top, and two panels on the middle and bottom tiers.

Panel One.

This is a wide shot, so there is plenty of room for any crazy details you want to put in, objects you want to sneak into the panel, or whatever. We are inside a little dark shop, the really old fashioned kind with dark wooden shelves lining the walls, and a glass fronted cabinet for the counter, so you can see more shelves under it. The shop is stuffed to the gills with things, and like the rabbit-hole pages at the start of the first issue I thought this might be a great place to put in reminders of the other issues and the other characters. I thought there might be a tea set, a top hat, a chess set playing cards, comfits, thimbles, wool and knitting needles, a croquet set, pepper pocket watches, and everything else you can think of. I would love it if this shop almost seemed like the shop the other characters had come to, to get everything they needed to make the rest of the story. Obviously this is a lot of work and these two pages are set entirely in the shop and then there's even more later on, so I don't expect everything to go into every panel. It's a dark shop, so hopefully you can make the corners really shadowy and then you can get away with only drawing the things closer to us, that aren't in shadow! The shop has a window over in the left background, with shelves across it with jars of sweets displayed. The floor space is stacked with boxes and larger items for sale. The whole place is very claustrophobic feeling. Behind the counter there is an old sheep who is wrapped in a shawl (the same shawl as the White Queen had?) and has half moon glasses on. She is busy knitting something with several knitting needles at once. I think it would be great if over the course of these pages the thing she knits gets progressively longer and/or weirder...so if she starts off with what looks like a sleeve we see it grow into a sweater with four sleeves, or some kind of weird scarf with extra pieces on or something, just because all the sheep does is knit and I want it to progress a bit just to keep it interesting. Alice is stood looking round her in great surprise. The sheep is looking up at Alice over her half moon spectacles and doesn't look very impressed! The sheep has two balloons.

Sheep: Be-e-ehh!

Sheep: Yes? What is it you want to buy?

Panel Two.

This is a small shot of Alice two thirds figure as she goggles in amazement around herself at the weird and wonderful shop. She has one balloon.

Alice: I don't *quite* know yet, I should like to look all around me first, if I might.

Panel Three.

This is a wider shot from behind the counter so the sheep is in the left foreground with what looks like dozens of knitting needles poking out of her knitting. She is glaring across her counter at Alice who is stood looking around her in amazement. The Sheep has two balloons.

Sheep: You may look in front of you and on both sides if you like, but you can't look *all* around you...

Sheep: ...unless you've got eyes in the back of your head.

Panel Four.

This is a wide panel again, and we have closed in on Alice. She is closer to the shelves now, and has her hand out to touch one of the items on the shelf. We can see the shelves are stuffed with items and all kinds of exciting things in jars and boxes. Alice is reaching out to the right of the panel with her left hand, and is looking back over her shoulder at the sheep presumably. We can see her face as she speaks to it. She has one balloon.

Alice: Well it would be very queer if I did! I should get quite ill looking forwards and backwards wherever I went!

Panel Five.

This small panel is almost a repeat of the last panel but cropped so we can see Alice in the left of the panel, still with her arm up to touch something, but now she is looking at the shelf again, and it appears to be suddenly empty! All the objects have slid out of her sight almost literally bunching up onto the shelves beside and behind Alice so they don't get seen by her. She is very puzzled as to why there isn't anything there now, and she can see the other shelves are full in her peripheral vision so its even more confusing. She has one balloon.

Alice: oh! It's gone! But I'm sure it was there a moment ago!



Right: Erica Awano's finished line art for page 36
 Top left: Erica Awano's rough layout for page 36
 Bottom left: PC Siqueira's final colors for page 36

This is a three panel page, with a big two thirds splash panel at the top, and two underneath it.

Panel One.

In this panel we have Alice approaching us up a grassy slope: at the bottom of the slope in the background we can see the brook which separates this square from the eighth square. The other side of the brook is kind of indistinct really: it's hard to know what's over there. The grassy slope has big gnarled trees every so often, and there is one in the left foreground. The tree is really old and gnarly, and so is the creature sitting underneath it! There is an old man with the head and hands of a wasp dressed in a dark jacket and trousers with a yellow and black striped waistcoat on. He has a yellow handkerchief tied around his face, which almost covers his hair, and ties under his chin like a head scarf. What hair we can see sticking out from under the scarf at the back, is really untidy, tangled and importantly also yellow! He has antennae sticking out from under the front of the headscarf, and his hands are little wasp pincers (I looked on Wikipedia and there are some amazing wasp reference pictures!) He has large compound eyes, and weird hairy little mandibles to either side of his mouth. I have no idea how you make a wasp look old, but he is old, so maybe his mandible hair is grey? Lord knows! He reminds me of Vincent Price in the original version of *The Fly* before it was remade with Jeff Goldblum in it! He is sitting with his back to the tree in the left foreground and Alice is approaching him as she walks up the slope. He is certainly the most unpleasant creature we have seen her meet so far, even worse than the gnat! It is a windy day so leaves are being caught up and carried a little way. The grass and flowers are being blown into swirls by the gusts, and the trees away overhead. There are two balloons from Alice and one from the wasp which has failed to even notice her yet.

Alice: He sounds very unhappy! I don't think I can be of any use to him, but I'll just ask him what's the matter.

Alice: If I once jump over, everything will change, and then I can't help him.

Wasp: Oh, my old bones, my old bones!

Panel Two.

This is a small shot of Alice as she approaches the wasp. She is bending over slightly to speak to him in the strange patronising way people do when talking to old people. She looks concerned. She has two balloons.

Alice: It's rheumatism, I should think. I should hope you're not in much pain?

Alice: Aren't you rather cold here?

Panel Three.

This is a wider shot with the wasp looking round at Alice suddenly. She looks quite startled by the sight of his strange features and shiny compound eyes. The wasp has two balloons.

Wasp: How you go on! Worryity, worryity!

Wasp: There never was such a child!



Opposite page:
 Right: Érica Awano's finished line art for page 24
 Top left: Érica Awano's rough layout for page 24
 Bottom left: PC Siqueira's final colors for page 24

The Workings of Wonderland

An interview with writers Leah Moore and John Reppion by Brian Hofacker of Dynamic Forces

Following up on the success of *The Complete Dracula* and *Sherlock Holmes*, Dynamite presents *The Complete Alice In Wonderland*. For the first time ever, Lewis Carroll's classics *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* with "The Wasp in a Wig," the "lost chapter" (from *the Looking Glass*), are adapted into one complete tale. In this All Ages adaptation, writers John Reppion and Leah Moore are joined by Erica Awano for a 4 issue adventure down the rabbit hole! John and Leah gave DF's Brian Hofacker the answers to what went into their trip to Wonderland!

Brian: One of the most powerful and influential aspects the greatest works of literature share is the ability to expand their genre. For instance, with *Hamlet* Shakespeare annihilates the structure of the revenge tragedy by adding, among other things, psychological complexities to his revenger. Likewise, Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* presents quite a few contradictions of expectations to what one would find in a typical fairy tale. Having worked on the tale, what do you consider to be the ways that Lewis Carroll's tale expands the fairy tale genre?

John Reppion: Whilst Alice is an outsider in Wonderland, she is much more in control than the characters in other, more traditional, fairy tales ever are. Whilst things might worry or upset her, Alice is never in any real danger. In that sense, perhaps Wonderland sanitises the genre a bit, removing the (metaphorical) dangers of wolves and witches and lonely woods and replacing them with problems of etiquette and conversation. At the time of Carroll's writing the story, the children he was writing it for were living a very comfortable life, and I suppose the lack of real danger in Wonderland represents, to some extent, the lack of real danger in their lives. In that sense, perhaps Wonderland is a middle (or upper) class fairy tale?

BH: Characters such as Gatsby, Hamlet, Hester Prynne and Captain Ahab can easily be looked at as not very likeable and are often described as careless, indecisive, seductive and obsessive. Alice, as well, can be considered a less than pleasant girl who at most times is stubborn, curious and opinionated. How do you feel about Alice, is she a likeable character? And what opinion do you hope readers develop from your adaptation of her?

Leah Moore: I have to say that Alice is, for the most part, quite rude and quite pleased with herself. The bit that struck me was where she is trying to work out if she has been swapped with another child and reels off their distinguishing qualities to compare with herself. The fact that she points out that they don't have any toys, that they don't know anything, or that they live in "a poky little house" really shocked me. I have kind of expected a Dickens-style sentimental view of the poor, and to hear Alice being so snooty was strange. In reality though, children do make their judgements based on these things, and if we are honest I think adults do too. Possibly even judging Alice by our own modern day sensitivities is unhelpful, as her behaviour might not have seemed so uncharitable at the time. In our adaptation we have retained as much of the original dialogue as we possibly could, so I think a lot of her character will remain the same. We haven't taken out the parts where she seems a bit stubborn or aloof, because it's all part of the character of Alice. Her way of conversing with the other characters drives the plot along, and the other characters are not exactly innocent of exactly the same type of behaviour as Alice. The Hatter is certainly as rude, the Caterpillar is very blunt and annoying, and there aren't actually any characters who you feel are genuinely easy going, carefree people. I think the most sympathetic character in Wonderland is Bill the poor lizard who gets fired out of the chimney, wedged upside down in the jury box and generally mistreated the whole way through. My other favourites are the guinea pigs who have to be suppressed; they seem to have the right idea!

BH: Along with the characteristics of the fairy tale genre, the lack of logic and unpredictable nature of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* places the tale in the genre known as literary nonsense. These sorts of stories often create an endlessly fun discussion of the lessons, or lack of, to be learned from Alice. Do you think there is a lesson to be learned from Alice, or do you think that the joy is in its having no lesson at all?

JR: The moral of the story is certainly not the driving force: we are not being propelled towards a resolution which will put everything into context and give the story a meaning. I don't think there is any real moral to Wonderland, it's very much a story for story's sake - "getting there" and the route we (and Alice) take is the real reason for its telling. Carroll even plays with the concept in a conversation between the Duchess and Alice where the former keeps trying to find the moral in everything. I tend to think of Wonderland as a cleverly constructed maze - there is a far shorter and easier route from A to B but getting lost on the way is the true source of the fun.

BH: Lewis Carroll (and artist John Tenniel) filled Alice with caricatures of personal, political and professional acquaintances. Along with many others, the author even represents Charles Dodgson (who wrote under the pseudonym Lewis Carroll) as the dodo in Chapter 3 "A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale." Are all of these references included in *The Complete Alice*? And should readers be on the look out for any new additions?

LM: We haven't specified to Erica that she should alter her artwork to include specific people's likenesses, so unless she draws the characters very like how Tenniel draws them, the reference will only be present in the dialogue, which we have tried to give you as completely as we can. Some of the characters have a really distinct way of speaking (the Gryphon for example), and we have always tried to keep in any characterisation there. Also if Carroll has a character acting in a certain way, we have tried to get that into the scripts to pass on their demeanour, their way of standing or moving, so the comic doesn't lose anything of the original. The best example of this is the really horrible part where the Duchess turns up at the croquet ground and walks along with Alice, with her pointed chin digging into Alice's shoulder. This is such a weird thing for someone to do, and the Duchess is such a frightening character, we really wanted to make sure the reader of our adaptation felt as uncomfortable reading it as we did reading the book.

BH: Although the hero journey of typical fairy tale "heroines" such as Cinderella and Snow White contain important lessons, it can be said that their journey contains an incomplete or unsatisfactory reward due to their marrying the prince, which prevents them from becoming the master of their worlds or returning to the journey. Alice, of course, is a less typical heroine, and her ending is also quite different. How would you define Alice's ultimate reward? Would you say it is more or less satisfactory than the typical marrying of a prince?

JR: Alice's ultimate reward is being herself in a stable, normal world. If Wonderland does have a moral, it could be argued that it is "be thankful for what you have", although that seems rather too humble in face of all Alice's smugness. In that sense it is a far more satisfactory reward than the re-defining of a person's character via marriage or the acquisition of riches or similar because Alice is still just Alice and she is thankful for that. She will grow up naturally (without the aid of cakes or mushrooms or bottles labelled "drink me") and become the person she is supposed to become. The natural order of things is restored.

BH: That said, how would you explain the sunset ending of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*?

LM: I think it's more Carroll letting the reader relax again. Alice's adventures are fraught with disturbing changes in location, in size, they have characters who are for the most part either threatening (the Cook, the Queen, the Duchess) or who change their behaviour depending on who they are with. The Hatter is argumentative unless he is near the Queen. He seems really at the mercy of Society. The White Rabbit is really horrible to his servants, and then really scared of Alice when she grows and then really scared of the Queen, but then bolder with the king and is very much more diplomatic, or more of a social climber perhaps? Certainly he's no Machiavelli or Iago, but he does have a public face and a private one. When Alice escapes the courtroom and wakes up under the tree, she escapes a world that seems very much fuller of adult cares and concerns rather than children's ones. Wonderland is full of 'High Society' and the etiquette of that world, social strata are indicated mainly by playing card suit, a kind of weird caste system really, and the other characters seem to be distinguished from each other by how much education they have received, their relative intelligence. In the real world, she knows the boundaries she operates within, she can remember her lessons and play games and not have to worry about being trapped in complex arguments with strange people. The framing of the whole story with Alice's big sister who tries to imagine the world Alice describes is really interesting, as that is presumably Carroll's role in the narrative. He tries to imagine the wonderful things that would amaze and amuse this small girl, and yet at the end he knows she will grow up one day too. The final part of the first book is a wish that the adventures Alice (and presumably her readers) has in childhood are passed on to the next generation of little girls and the next. I imagine he would be pleased to see that this is exactly what has happened, in many media and internationally too.

BH: And finally, if Alice were to ever return to Wonderland, how do you think she would get there and what would she find?

JR: After she passes through the looking glass you mean? Well it all depends on how old she was and what sort of life she had really - Wonderland is a dreamscape and reflects what is going on in Alice's mind at that time. There's been a tendency to re-imagine Wonderland as this dark, ruined place after it has been "neglected" by Alice - a nightmare version of the dream - which, I suppose, is perfectly possible. If we're talking about Alice Liddell though, although her life had its ups and downs, she seems to have been quite happy and well off for the most part. You could argue that, without the confusion and excitement of childhood, Wonderland might be rather a boring and mundane place to visit. That said, our dreams are different every night aren't they?

When not out saving the world from space monkeys or rescuing damsels in distress, Brian Hofacker works for Dynamic Forces and Dynamite Entertainment, conducting interviews and producing reviews of comic books. Brian also writes a weekly column, "What's in Brian's Bin" for DynamicForces.com.

